

# IRELAND TO-DAY

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## NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN FITZGERALD gives a point of view on Spain which shows a depth of earnestness not often found in Irish journalism when dealing with the subject. He assures us that his sympathy is born of personal contacts.

EDWARD M. MCGUIRE—trained in Labour Management and Industrial Welfare-work with a well-known Dublin factory. A member of the Institute of Labour Management (London), diplomate in Sociology, T.C.D.

BRIAN COFFEY, M.SC., U.C.D., Licence-es-philosophie Scholastique of Paris, where he studied under M. Jacques Maritain.

DENIS DEVLIN, M.A., U.C.D., author of *Intercessions*, which we reviewed in our Book Section last month.

FRANK MACDERMOT, B.A., Oxford; barrister, Inner Temple; T.D. for County Roscommon from 1932.

JAMES NOEL McFEETERS, M.SC., ASSOC. NAT. INST. C.E., born, 1904, educated Bangor Grammar School, Queen's University, Belfast; at present in Public Works department, Nigeria, on road and bridge construction.

RUPERT STRONG—kinsman of Bertrand Russell and L. A. G. Strong. 26 years old. Has had a varied career, including soldiering and journalism. Went to Russia with bicycle lent by Henry Nevinston and six weeks' provisions. Converted from Communism by the Soviets. Settled last May in Ireland, the cradle of his ancestors.

AGNES TREANOR, B.A. Diplomate in Social Studies, T.C.D., has had several years' teaching experience in Northern Ireland.

P. ARLAND USSHER, a young Waterford man, author of a distinguished translation into English of Merriman's *Cuirt an Mheadhón Oidhche*, published 1925, his note on the present contribution gives an indication of valuable work since then.

The regular features are conducted by the Editors of the several sections:

Art	..	..	..	JOHN DOWLING, B.A., B.D.S.
Music	..	..	..	EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAIR.
Theatre	..	..	..	SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA, B.A.
Film	..	..	..	LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE.
Books	..	..	..	EDWARD SHEEHY, M.A.



## EDITORIAL

By the end of this month primary production declines and our secondary industries drive us busily indoors to apply nature's bounty to our direct needs. From the wheat-field, bread ; from the beet, sugar ; from the bogs, fuel. In the north, the last proud launch sends a thing of grace sailing to southern seas. Men feel they have earned the respite that winter is meant to afford. But whilst ostensible life pulses slowly, seeds germinate and the contours of the new year are already being moulded.

It is now that we should be planning and devising, humbling ourselves for our failures, tautening our resolve to accomplish more worthily in the future. One outstanding tragedy has served to dwarf the larger perennial tragedies of our people. We must commend the statement of the League for Social Justice which tried to extract from the Achill tragedy a permanent good. Their proposals for an Economic Development Commission together with a tentative outline of the financing of such a body merit being read with care and sympathy. We are not sanguine as to the official reception which awaits any such schemes : possibly a unification of the various societies and published organs concerned with social and economic reform might command a greater public and thus strengthen their hands for good.

●

Dublin is recovering from the most disastrous strike for five or six years. Three million pounds has been assessed as the material loss—the consequential losses, the ill-fed children, whose resistance will collapse before the rigours of winter, the new houses unoccupied, whilst the dank slums fester, the damaged faith of the workers, who are confused by the crude working of the strike weapon and seek in vain for the just alternative—these cannot be computed. One leader-writer referred to the agreement as one that “three level-headed men could have reached within an hour after the serving of notices,” whilst another affected to see tactful and effective handling by officialdom. We indignantly dissociate ourselves from any such verdict. The length of the strike epitomised its fatuity ; the terms of the settlement were inadequate to the miseries endured. What emerged of good were such admissions of *principle* as the clause dealing with “open entry” to the trade. What was achieved as wages increase may be discounted and only makes

for a constant disequilibrium of price-wages relations. An instability of values results together with the general misdirection of effort in a vain endeavour to adjust wages to cost of living fluctuations. This cannot be done in a desultory and indisciplined manner but only on a scientific basis of sliding-scale adjustment.

●

Matters are made worse by the example higher up, where, in the twenty-six counties, ministerial and other salaries are being increased at a singularly ill-chosen moment. Protest has been fairly general against the foreshadowed salary increases in view of prevailing unemployment, and the precedent is held to be a bad one, as other salaries must tend to soar in sympathy. More generous terms are bound to be recommended by a Commission nominated to investigate ministerial salaries than could very well be self-awarded. The tendency to be generous out of public money is likely to be the more unchecked according as provision is made for those in parliamentary opposition to share in the benefits proposed.

●

Yet, on the other hand, some good may emerge from the proposed increases. It is true that salaries should never have been precipitately reduced on assuming office, without due consideration, nor should the present Government's election propaganda have included a comprehensive list of high salaried officials, the suggestion having been that they would soon put an end to this squandering of public money. In point of fact, none of these salaries has been touched—a silent testimony to the essential weakness of the present form of government and to the sullen non-co-operation of those with vested interests.

The effective will of a minister to carry through a reform is largely weakened by his future insecurity. In self-preservation he must do nothing that will dethrone him personally and he must initiate no programme of expenditure that will not show fruit or be within visible sight of completion before the next election. This inhibitory factor vitiates the whole gamut of Government activity or inactivity. Violent criticism can only be evoked by violent or radical change. The chances of re-election are greater according as the minister curbs his activities.

It is for these reasons we see possible good in the measures foreshadowed. A minister with a guaranteed thousand pounds a year for the rest of his life is put in a position of greater independence, to which, if he be not altogether moribund, he is



bound to react. If a minister has been a failure, his removal is well worth this cost. If his services have been of value, his hands will be strengthened and his greater freedom of action ensured by making his future secure.

●

For one hundred and fifty years past, few words have had so resounding a claim on our imaginations as the call of Liberty. The month past has seen an appeal for an amnesty for our political prisoners rejected with hardly an awakening stir. This quiescence may be taken to be a reassuring endorsement of the official decision, but we think this would be a mistake. A resentment driven underground becomes less calculable.

Another challenge has been the judgment in the by now famous "kissing" case at Dundalk. Small wonder that we have had returned exiles fleeing again. We could have hoped, however, if, as rumour reports, the gradual encroachment on our liberties has accounted for an eminent writer's decision finally to quit our shores, that he might on the contrary have stayed and helped to strengthen the resistance against unwarranted intrusions on our civil liberties. The changed standards now prevalent have recently been held in mitigation of conduct which at other times might have been termed scandalous. We have no wish to make more difficult the task facing pastors or educators, but only to stress that licence, not liberty, is the enemy.

## FOREIGN COMMENTARY

IN the diplomatic field Mussolini still holds the best cards, and continues to play them successfully.

In the last month he has politely ignored invitations to two conferences staged by Britain and France to deal with Spanish questions, and has formally informed both countries of the existence of a sub-committee of the League of Nations to deal with such matters. Germany's attitude is in accord with this, and she, too, has stated that she cannot approve of extraneous conferences taking on the work of the League.

This, of course, in itself is sound diplomacy and justifiable, and though it is very obvious that Italy cannot now participate in any meeting to which Germany is not invited, it is certain that at any conference within or outside the League she will continue to play for time, in the hope that Franco wins in Spain before the Spring.

To meet Mussolini's wishes, France and Britain climbed down and the non-intervention committee met in London on 16th October. Here Italy, to the chagrin of Russia, merely agreed to the partial withdrawal of a certain number of volunteers in equal quantity from both sides.

Britain and France will be satisfied with this, and the other outstanding point, that of control in the Mediterranean will probably come up for discussion.

Italy's dilatory tactics had annoyed France far more than Britain, and France went so far as to threaten to end non-intervention altogether by opening up her Spanish frontier within a set time, if Italy did not toe the line. Now it looks as if better counsel prevails. The threat to end non-intervention had already appeared as a clause in the agenda at Geneva on October 2nd, and had raised much discussion.

President de Valera led the attack on it, and the motion was lost. It is interesting to note that South Africa was the only other member of the Commonwealth to object to this clause. It may not be too much to hope that an Irish-South African agreement may one day come into being within the Commonwealth, as each of these countries suffers denial dictated by a third member of the Commonwealth, who, consistently inconsistent, condemns dictators.

\* \* \*

Another split in opinion within the Commonwealth is forming around the proposed trade pact between the U.S.A. and Britain, as, though this may reduce tariffs in America, it is bound to affect adversely the interests of the signatories to the Ottawa



agreement, who may not all be so willing as New Zealand to have their independent conclusions blue-pencilled by England.

South Africa displays a certain uneasiness regarding the former German South West Africa, now administered, under mandate, by the Union, yet there are many South Africans who sympathise with Germany's claim for colonies. The Transvaal Nationalist Party, for instance, strongly advocate German possession of lands in some part of Africa as essential to the future security of the Union.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, in Europe, Germany's activities in Austria to solidify that gap in the Berlin-Rome axis met with a severe rebuff, given by the Austrian Chancellor at a meeting of one hundred thousand members of the Fatherland Front on October 8th.

The Chancellor re-affirmed the neutrality of Austria, and said that he saw no need to adopt the forms of other countries to combat Bolshevism, which was never wanted by Austrians, and which constituted no danger to them. On the other hand, Poland seems to be gradually coming more and more under German influence, and in Warsaw University last month, Jewish students were officially segregated, while Jewish admissions to the faculty of medicine were curtailed to less than ten per cent. of the total.

Germany's new pact with Belgium has made Moscow, Paris and Prague wonder, and Britain and France find themselves, willy-nilly, partners once more with Germany in guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. This has been one of the many surprising events during the last month.

The most outstanding happening was, of course, President Roosevelt's strong condemnation of aggressor nations, and his immediate acceptance of the invitation to send American representatives to the Nine Power Conference now sitting at Brussels to deal primarily with the war in the Far East.

\* \* \*

In China the right wing of the Northern Japanese field army has been held up by Chinese counter-attacks in Shansi province. This is the first strategic move displayed by the Chinese Higher Command since the beginning of hostilities, and it has been surprisingly effective in forestalling a strong Japanese right-wing wheel east into Hopei behind the retiring main body of the Chinese, which is falling back now in fairly good order towards the natural obstacle of the Yellow River.

This great river may mark the scene of the next battle.

At Shanghai the Japanese make no great headway. Bad weather and the tenacity of the Chinese defence pin them to their ground.

\* \* \*

To return to Europe. Yugo-Slavia (like Belgium) is making the best of her important position on the continent. She already enjoys a pact with Italy, and her Premier, on a recent visit to Paris, renewed her treaty of friendship with France.

Yugo-Slavia's internal affairs are still somewhat disturbed owing to the continued opposition of the Orthodox Church to the Concordat with the Vatican, and to the growing pains accompanying her development from a form of Dictatorship to a democracy. Hungary, her southern neighbour, makes up to the other side by sending her Premier to visit Berlin, and so it comes about that Hungary remains a block dividing the members of the Little Entente, while Austria constitutes the gap between Italy and Germany.

\* \* \*

In Russia the "Purge" continues, and many important officials have been removed, in more senses than one, in the last month. The state of unrest, and even of panic may be judged by the fact that every president or chairman of the eleven Federated Republics of the Soviet has lost office in recent months, and many high executives and army chiefs have shared a similar fate.

Russia's army is reported to be very strong and more up-to-date than most modern armies. Her navy is not up to the same standard, and reports are now circulating that the U.S.A. has just sold warships and other war material to the Soviet to the value of ten million dollars. This should give the Japanese, and the Germans and Italians as well, some cause for reflection.

\* \* \*

Italy's moral support of Japan in her war on China came as a shock, and coupled with the despatch of large Italian forces to Libya is probably Mussolini's answer to the threat underlying the unwanted show of Anglo-French naval strength in the Mediterranean, which followed the Nyon decision. The French are now agitated on another score. They affect great concern about the future of Minorca, which they fear Italy may seize. That important island, which at one time was Nelson's advanced base against the French Mediterranean ports, appears, however, to be safely covered by the conditions of the Italo-British gentleman's agreement of last January, and the agitation concerning it will subside if France does not rush



matters. Any occupation of the island by either France or Britain, even as a precautionary measure, might easily lead to blows with Italy, who has again stated that she has no intention of taking over any Spanish territory.

Still, Italy remains a real thorn in the side of England and France. The occupation of Libya by a force of 50,000 Italian troops, now centralised under one military command, and capable of expansion, by the enrolment of local levies, to twice that number, has drawn attention to the weakness of the French army of Algeria, to the exposed western frontier of Egypt, which is still a British sphere of influence, to the threat to the Suez Canal, and even to a possibility, however remote, of co-ordinated action by another Italian force striking at the Sudan from Northern Abyssinia.

France is warlike and ready for war. England is not yet quite prepared. It is sad to reflect that the mutual distrust in Europe should lead to so much misdirected energy in preparation for war, and to the dangerous repeated cries of "Check!" in the realms of so-called diplomacy, when half the time and energy expended might well lead to good relations all round.

\* \* \*

America's re-entry into European affairs, for which we had pleaded, (though we dared not foresee in these columns), may mark a change for the better, and bring about a cooler consideration of the unbalanced division of raw materials and colonies, which is the cause of all the turmoil now degrading our boasted Western Civilisation.

In India, Congress has won over the dangerous North West Frontier Province for the Indian Nationalists, and has formed a new ministry. As things stand Congress now administers seven out of the eleven Indian provinces. The Party gains strength day by day, and it is said that Assam will be the next objective.

The question of the partition of Palestine has been, more or less, referred back to Britain by the League, who agree to the measure, but require more particulars. A second commission will, therefore, be despatched to Palestine in the near future to work out greater details, and to furnish a second report.

This will take some considerable time.

In the meantime, anti-Jewish feeling has made the Arabs again restless, and punitive measures have been taken by the British administration to suppress outrages directed against both British and Jews.

It would be remiss to end this commentary without referring to Ireland's international activities.

President de Valera was elected a Vice-President of the latest League Assembly at Geneva. He was also this country's representative on the committee dealing with political subjects.

The delegation which accompanied him, and included Messrs. Cremins, Hearne, Rynne, and Warnock, was represented on all the Committees of the Assembly.

A report by Mr. J. J. O'Leary, the Irish employers' delegate to the International Labour Conference, has been issued.

The Conference, larger than usual this year, was presided over by Mr. Sean F. Lemass. Fifty-one states were represented. The agenda covered the safety of workers in the building trade, the minimum age of workers, reduction of hours of labour in certain trades, and unemployment.

Considering the varying local conditions of work in the large number of countries represented and other difficult factors, good progress was made, and the results were very satisfactory.

The record of this country in the matter of the conventions ratified by it stands comparatively high, and is a tribute to our humane outlook.

On this occasion the efficiency and dignity of the Irish President was found praiseworthy by many foreigners. The Irish representatives included Miss Stafford, Miss Moloney, and Messrs. Campbell, Ferguson, MacLaughlin and Summerfield, as well as Mr. O'Leary.

Mr. O'Leary indicated two matters which it is hoped will receive more attention in preparation for future meetings. The first dealt with the inadequate power of our employers' delegate in arriving at conclusions on account of his not being fully briefed by home councils of fellow-employers, and the second hinted that evening entertainments proved burdensome at Geneva.

It has always struck the writer that social exchanges with other nationals are extremely important, that our own people are good mixers to a marked degree, and that this should be exploited fully on every possible occasion.

The majority of foreigners view us in a friendly way, because we can find touch with them quicker than most other speakers of English, who are handicapped by reservations unfelt by us, and it is very necessary to-day that we should collect friendly foreign contacts when the opportunity offers.

These will always be useful, and may be turned to good account when we eventually choose to make our full statement.

JOHN LUCY



# SPAIN—PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT

By JOHN FITZGERALD

A YEAR ago, the swift but ill-planned movements of Franco brought him to the gate of Madrid. One of our papers here had worked up a kind of hysteria among our people and many felt that the fight was the old one between God and the devil and that there was no choosing. A public speaker referred to the struggle: "now, thank God, brought to a victorious conclusion," but Madrid did not fall and has not fallen and with the receding prospects of a speedy victory and the disappointment that there was no winning side to claim their "bravos," all interest was encouraged to fade away, the atrocities were no more, the headlines vanished and only painstaking search could now glean the attenuated items of news of Cordoba, Jaca, Gijon and Teruel. Spain was being left to her sacrifice.

In the end, it is the nation itself—as surely as it is too the individual—that must work out its own salvation. Friends may help and enemies may harrass, but it is from within that victory must come, as from above, grace.

Is Spain no concern of ours? No and yes. The manner in which Ireland has helped has been ignominious, humiliating, dishonest. On top of the crest of hysteria, our poor, ill-housed people gave many thousands of pounds out of the goodness of their hearts. The money was misdirected—surely in their hearts our people meant it for the suffering *people* of Spain? And though the war is still waged pitilessly, no word is raised now of sympathy or of help and our people are in effect asked to wash their hands of the whole affair, and obliterate it from their minds. How gladly we should forget—with what shame we saw our walls defaced with posters bearing the *Christian* injunction to "remember Salamanca." What a rule of hate to lay down as an ethic for our people!

The writer has been tempted into the unwonted channels of the printed page—if refuge there is not refused—by the recapitulation in his mind of the progress of events since July, 1936, and by the very recent appearance of a statement from the Irish Hierarchy in reply to the *apologia* of the Spanish Hierarchy. Their letter is couched in general terms and is unexceptionable as to expressed content. There are no responsible people who have not been “profoundly grieved” by the authenticated outrages against Church and people. And it is true that the vast majority of the Irish people “have never wavered in their sympathy for Catholic Spain,” but these statements are open to misinterpretation. The outrages against Church and people have been committed on *both* sides. “Catholic Spain,” with whom we all deeply sympathise, is the Spain of the Spanish people, Valencia no less than Seville, Madrid and Barcelona no less (how much more in numbers) than Burgos and Salamanca. How could we exclude Bilbao and the whole Basque country with its million of intensely Catholic people and its crowded churches? Yet behind the Bishops’ statement there is the implication that only a restricted part of Spain is meant and that we Irish people—loyal Irish Catholics for the most part—should accept the simple view of this enormously complicated subject, that Franco is right and his enemies wholly wrong. There are great numbers of intelligent and loyal Irish Catholics who cannot and will not embrace the Fascism of Franco any more than they can or will condone the singularly brutal horror of his methods. Of this the Irish Bishops must be aware. They must also be aware that the claimed loyalty of the Irish people to the side of Nationalist (*sic*) Spain would be very different, were the case as capable of free presentation here as in other countries.

The principal counts against loyal Spain as interpreted in Ireland are : (1) the atrocities against the Church, and (2) the allegiance of her Government to Marxism. On the other side : (1) Franco has been guilty of equally frightful atrocities, though



rarely against the clergy, and (2) he numbers among his allies Nazi Germany. Indeed, he handed over his country and his own people to be bombing targets for Germans and Italians in military practice. Moreover, for individualist Spain to settle down as Marxist Communists is more than can be credited, and, besides, even Russia is now accepted as slipping from the rigid rock of Marxism and, according to such a serious and Catholic student as Miss Iswolsky, the prospects for religion there are brighter than for many a year.

Before leaving the Spanish Hierarchy's letter, which was the object of the reply from the Irish Bishops, the following extracts from the former, which are quoted directly from an article by Rev. Walter Gumbley, O.P., might receive a moment's consideration:—(1) "Though the Church did not want the war, she could not remain indifferent to the conflict . . ."; (2) "The Church does not associate herself with acts, tendencies or purposes that may now or in the future deface the noble aspect of the National movement." If such qualifications can be made when declaring one's loyalties, is there any reason why one should not support and approve the Spanish Government and dissociate oneself from any "acts, tendencies or purposes that may now or in the future deface the noble aspect" of their efforts?

Unfortunately, the rights and wrongs of the Spanish war seem to be impossible of deliberative, objective decision—which is perhaps another way of saying that, in the heat of the combat, we cannot sway the other fellow round to our viewpoint. The avoiding of bitterness and lack of charity should be sedulously cultivated and the cloak of silence put on our words if they be not helpful and sympathetic—how crude, how lamentable, for instance, was the message of congratulation sent from representatives here of the Salamanca Union to Franco on the occasion of his victorious entry into Bilbao—Bilbao that had had shells and bombs rained pitilessly on it for

sixty days and nights before, its fleeing people machine-gunned from the air. How hollow it seemed as seen on the cinema screen, tin-helmeted soldiers marching through derelict, deserted, shuttered and unwelcoming streets—the streets of this Catholic, shell-torn city !

The myth of the holy war in Spain has received its *coup de grace* from perhaps the greatest Catholic philosopher of to-day—Jacques Maritain, who contributes to a symposium on Spain in the current issue of perhaps the most eminent review of Catholic critical thought in the English-speaking world, the *Colosseum*. We may with profit quote freely. “ We know that ‘ God writes straight with crooked lines ’ and that the evil which He does not will serves His ends like the good that He desires. But this is no reason, as St. Paul took pains to tell us, for letting evil abound that good may abound the more ; nor a justification of unrighteous means. There are many who think ‘ from a Christian standpoint ’ certain things should not be done, ‘ but——.’ This ‘ but ’ is the Devil’s door.” “ We forget that it is these errors and faults, these lies, these cruelties, these blindnesses, all this machinery of the ‘ realists,’ of sinful means brought into action for good ends, to which we resign ourselves with that grain of satisfaction which a superior mind finds in the sense of its own superiority, it is these things which principally and primarily have brought Christendom to the state in which it is to-day, have brought about that universal misfortune of which civilisation to-day shows us the picture. Christendom will recreate itself by Christian means, or come to its complete undoing.”

“ That civil war—social war, political war, the class war, a war of international interests and intervention—has in Spain taken on yet another character, that of a war for religion, is a fact explained by past and present circumstances which are infinitely deplorable. This fact naturally aggravates the war ; it does not suffice to make it a holy war, *i.e.*—for here it is important to keep rigorously to the exact meaning of one’s terms



—a war in itself raised to the order of the sacred, and consecrated by God. In so speaking I grieve for the fact that I must needs strike against the convictions of many Spanish Catholics. The point in question, which touches essential points of the philosophy of culture and of theology, and which is of extreme importance for the whole of modern civilisation, for all that demands to be treated in a purely objective manner, and I feel obliged to say what I hold to be the truth about it. It has been said that 'the national Spanish war is a holy war, the holiest known to history.' \*

Fr. Menendez-Reigada justifies this assertion by saying that in this war it is the very existence of all religion, natural as well as positive, which is at stake, and the whole natural foundation of society. It is permissible to doubt whether Providence has not other means of saving these primordial foundations of human life than the victory of the Spanish Nationalists and their allies."

Thus M. Maritain, who goes on to remark upon the incompatibility of the expressed sentiments of those who precipitated this awful war with any high or noble interpretation, such as a holy war. "All that one can discover on this point leads one rather to think that a cold resignation to murderous fatality, and to all that men can do since war is war, has a larger place in these things than religious fervour. . . . War does not become holy: it runs the danger of making what is holy a blasphemy. And the abominable means which it uses to-day render such a result inevitable. It risks also rousing anti-religious hatred to a paroxysmal point for which there is no remedy. Because from some imprudent churches shots have been fired at the people, they will want to destroy them all, and everything that bears the stamp of religion. Because there are priests who encourage a recourse to violence, all priests will be held to be public enemies." Asseverating that the

*\*(La guerra nacional española es guerra santa, y la mas santa que registra la historia—R. P. Ignacio G. Menendez-Reigada, O.P.).*

means proper to the Kingdom of God are neither the force of arms nor the shedding of blood, M. Maritain continues : " Let us invoke then, if we believe it just, the justice of the war we wage, let us not invoke its sanctity ! Let us kill, if we believe it our duty to kill, in the name of social order and of the nation—God knows, that is horrible enough already—but let us not kill in the name of Christ the King, who is no warlord, but a King of grace and of charity, who died for all men, and whose Kingdom is not of this world. ' If My Kingdom were of this world, My servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews ' (St. John, xviii. 37). When the people of a township refused to receive Jesus, ' seeing this His disciples, James and John, said : Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down out of heaven, and consume them ? And turning, He rebuked them, saying : You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy, but to save.' (St. Luke, ix. 54-56)."

One more lengthy quotation from Jacques Maritain, which will serve to reflect what the sentiments of the most loyal and orthodox Catholic may be : ". . . it is a horrible sacrilege to massacre priests—be they 'Fascists,' they are the ministers of Christ—in hatred of religion ; it is another, as horrible sacrilege to massacre the poor—be they 'Marxists,' they are the people of Christ—in the name of religion. It is a patent sacrilege to burn churches and holy images, sometimes in a blind fury, sometimes, as at Barcelona, with a cold anarchist method and a spirit of system gone mad ; it is another sacrilege—religious in form—to dress up Mohammedan soldiers with images of the Sacred Heart so that they may kill holily the sons of Christians ; and to claim to enrol God in the passions of a conflict where the adversary is regarded as unworthy of any respect or of all pity. It is a sacrilege to profane holy places and the Holy Sacrament, to hunt down everything that is consecrated to God, to dishonour and torture nuns, to exhume corpses to make a mock of them, as was seen in those days of



darkness immediately following on the outbreak of the war; and it is a sacrilege to shoot, as at Badajoz, hundreds of men in honour of the Feast of the Assumption, or to annihilate by air-bombing, as at Durango—for a holy war hates the faithful who do not serve its ends more ardently than the infidel—churches and the people who filled them and priests celebrating the Mysteries; or, as at Guernica, an entire town, with its churches and its tabernacles, mowing down by machine-guns the poor people who were in flight.” “The way in which in all countries party-passions have exploited the Spanish tragedy in order to rouse everywhere their pitch of hatred should indeed be regarded as indecent.”

Where, then, does religion come in? Nowhere, for religion is *immaterial*, of the spirit, whereas the Spanish war is now on a strictly material basis, as the writer proposes to describe briefly. The war is now a straight *national* war, even the ideological influences have sunk far into the background. M. Maritain has referred to “the fact that, to fight against a side aided by Soviet Russia and open to its ideology, the other side is not only receiving the aid of National-Socialist Germany, also itself a persecutor of Catholicism, as of Fascist Italy, but also open to ideologies and historic currents which have quite another end in view than the expansion of the Kingdom of God, and *whose inspiration is wholly political and imperialistic.*”\*

Let the people of this country then realise, as the world realises, that Spain has just the ill-fortune to be the cockpit in a very normal and sordid, though singularly ruthless and tragical, war. If it be averred, no, by one side religion is safeguarded and by the other banished, think that Rome in her wisdom, has never abandoned Valencia to the wolves. Her Holiness the Pope, as well as every other country, including our own, still have their accredited representatives with the ‘Madrid’—the loyal and only Spanish Government. Despite victories, despite Fascist leanings, despite the political

\* My Italics.

economic exigencies of the hour which sometimes advance Franco's stock, the Chancelleries of the world have given scant enough encouragement to Franco, with the exception only of Italy and Germany. And now, Franco would seem to be Mussolini's last hope, for Italy's hereditary un-friend, Germany, looks like trying "separate peace" tactics and dropping Spain like a hot coal, if the much greater good of amity with Britain can be achieved.

The military prospects in Spain are practically unforeseeable owing to the variety of factors in play, and the uncertain nature of the decisions to be reached by the interested powers. An attempt is made to summarise briefly—generalizing somewhat—their material interests. A notable absentee from the list will be seen to be Soviet Russia—the villain of the piece, yet strangely enough the only power whose interests in Spain are not material. *Germany*: Anti-Bolshevism serves as the *leit-motif* in welding her military and economic consolidation schemes with the ideals of national unification, and also perhaps serve as a smokescreen for her internal disharmonies. Commitment in spite of the Army High Command and Hitler's Economic Adviser would seem to have been inspired by material offers by Franco. Germany has always had a big share in Spain's development plans—*e.g.*, German engineering and German films preponderated. Her raw materials, especially copper and mercury, are coveted by Germany.

*England*: Her best material interests are served by a weakened but independent Spain. On no account could such a country as Italy, already astride her Indian passage through the Mediterranean, be permitted a footing in Spain. Also England has 30 *per cent.* of her steel furnaces especially constructed to suit Spanish ore. Especially, at present, the continuance of Spanish supplies is vital to her.

*France*: Already worried over the repudiation of mutual defence pacts by Belgium, which forces her to extend the Maginot line to the coast, France cannot permit any further



increase in her land frontier defences which control of the Pyrenees by any but a neutral, friendly Spain, would impose. Nor can she permit Germany or Italy to get a footing in Spain (or Spanish North Africa), which would be a threat to France's line of communications with her African possessions (and recruiting fields).

*Italy*: Already in active possession of some of the Balearic Islands, notably Majorca. This is an invaluable half-way-house by air from Italy to Spain. It serves also as reserve base behind Pantellaria, the small island that has made Malta seem smaller. With Libya over-garrisoned, Egypt overshadowed and Abyssinia in process of extermination, Italy feels that *mare nostrum* becomes no mere dream. One feels, however, that she is rapidly overstepping herself and that unless some stupendous accession of prestige materialises (for which with Franco she is now wildly gambling), there is a smash round the corner. And then, for her charming, pitiable poor people, back to poverty and no more "viva's."

This digression has cut across our thesis. The views herein offered have no bearing on success or failure, they are concerned merely with right and justice. Without foreign intervention, in spite of having deprived the lawful civil arm of its protective and executive units—the Army and the police, and thus perpetuated the chaos he precipitated, Franco's revolt would have been crushed by now. The terror created by German and Italian air raids and their military usefulness have brought him many victories. It remains to be seen if the prolongation of the campaign to the Spring of next year will permit of vast trained and equipped armies of the Government taking the offensive. That the Government has even held what ground it has (roughly half the population and rather less of territory) in the face of the cruellest handicaps under which a legitimate government ever functioned would seem to show that the war may be a long one, with time, as ever, on their side.

For us in Ireland there is little we can actively do but in other

ways much. There is not likely to be any more active intervention—those that were with Franco are now home, sorry and discredited. The handful that went to fight for the Government are still there. Some £40,000 was subscribed by the Irish people for some vaguely-understood purpose—they now have an equally vague satisfaction that the money has been spent. It is to be hoped that the rumour of the raising of a loan for Franco of £10,000,000 in Ireland, with which the name of Sir Henry Chilton has been associated, is without foundation. The Irish people for all their alleged pro-Franco affiliations would not knowingly subscribe again to any such fund—it must be made certain that Ireland engages, even indirectly or as intermediary, in no such commitments or transactions.

Spain has some twenty-four millions of people. A million of them—Basques—have followed with the deepest interest and sympathy our struggle for independence. All Spain has ever been friendly. When, as it sometime must, the war comes to an end, there will still be a great country, ripe for reconstruction. Let us be ready with active sympathy and any international influence we have to ensure the speediest possible return to peaceful and ordered conditions. The immediate future is dark, the ultimate clear. On the one hand clemency and social justice would most be needed, on the other all sense of enmity against the Church should be forsworn in view of the expiation by atrocities committed in the Government's name.

JOHN FITZGERALD



# THE CITIZEN IN INDUSTRY

By E. M. McGUIRE

IF it is the prerogative of man to draw from life a measure of contentment, it is no less his portion to work for its achievement. He can, of course, do this in many ways, according to the niche he occupies within the social organism ; but whether his chief assets are in the form of skill or genius, strength or knowledge, goods or capital, his use of them should normally contribute, not only to his own material contentment, but also towards the welfare of his nation ; for the two ends are, in the ultimate issue, inseparable.

Such a statement, however, cannot lightly pass unchallenged, for we might well ask if this is always so. Do not men grow rich, sometimes, upon the helplessness of others, making the latter even poorer for their toil ? Are not the fruits of industry, for those who sell their labour, too often to be reckoned in low wages, poor working conditions, irregular employment, and the risk of accidents and industrial disease ? And are not dwindling markets, high costs of production and bankruptcy too frequently the reward of industrial enterprise ? How, then, can we postulate this seeming paradox ? Let us probe deeper, and see.

If we take industry, in the wide sense, to mean all activity connected with the acquisition of economic wealth, we can say that all citizens are, in some way, concerned in it. For our present purpose, however, we shall confine our investigation to two classes of individuals ; those who organise industrial undertakings, whom we may conveniently call the " employers," and those who serve for wages, or the workers. We know that both have at least one thing in common : they are citizens. As such they owe a duty to the State ; and, in turn, they merit the privileges which citizenship brings. Their common interests however, on the face of it, would seem to end here ; for, if the

profits of industry are inequitably divided, the one's loss would be the other's gain. For this reason, the natural aims of the different industrial factions would appear to lie in opposite directions, and to involve on either side little scope for harmony, and meagre incentive towards the practice of true citizenship. The past, indeed, has shown us innumerable examples of industrial discord, in which an endless antagonism of interests has been predominant ; and, even yet, from our present pinnacle of economic enlightenment, we can view little or nothing of the path to the human industrial millenium. Our initial premise, then, in the absence of further support, appears to dissolve itself into an empty and unwarranted speculation.

Before, however, we concede the issue, let us examine further the aims of those in industry. We have, first, the investors, whose reward depends directly upon profits. Secondly, we know that the object of business management is the actual realisation of such profits. Thirdly, although the remuneration of the worker may be fixed, the continuance and regularity of his employment, and his material security depend upon the prosperity of the business, and also, therefore, upon profits. Thus we have found a second common interest, and a vital one, between the different groups engaged in industry. How, then, are they so often at variance, when the ends of each, clearly, can best be served by their unity and co-operation ?

If employers and workers have a mutual interest in the making of industrial profit, it seems detrimental to their ends, almost, indeed, to the point of folly, that they should quarrel. It should, in fact, be a matter of their intimate concern, to avoid, at all costs, the occasion of such disputes ; for, whatever the issue, there is loss of profit involved in some form or other. Knowing, then, as we do, the frequency of industrial differences, and how their reactions affect, not only those concerned, but also the community as a whole, it might well be worth an effort to seek a cause for those disturbances, so obviously suicidal to the avowed ends of each participant.



We find that in the majority of industrial disputes the main points at issue are the determination, for workers, of equitable wage-standards, and proper conditions of employment. In other words, it is alleged that the profits, which all have striven to gain, have not been divided to the satisfaction of the wage-earning group, and that consideration is otherwise lacking for the workers' welfare. That such conditions exist, or have existed, is, doubtless, true ; for there are flagrant cases in the records of industry of unscrupulous human exploitation. Nevertheless, we shall presume here, firstly, that such cases are exceptions to the general rule. Secondly, we shall grant that employers are not monsters, nor workers potential anarchists. Thirdly, we shall pre-suppose to each the knowledge that from the common fount of profits comes the material reward of their efforts. Fourthly, we shall assume that both recognise dissention, above all things, to be detrimental, and co-operation, above all things, as desirable to the ends of each. Lastly, we shall take it that both groups, as citizens, desire alike to shoulder their respective burdens of civic responsibility.

We might well, indeed, accept as facts the foregoing suppositions, for the average citizen, whether employer or worker, is not consciously unscrupulous, nor does he knowingly wish to shirk his duty to the State. If his private interests, therefore, are consistent with his duties as a citizen, how much the richer is the State for his efforts? The prosperity of a business enterprise is contributory to the progress of industry in the State as a whole, and, as such, to the welfare of the State. And this is what we have sought to show, namely, that the material well-being of all who are engaged in industry is inseparable from the well-being of the nation.

If we can believe to our satisfaction that both employer and worker can best prosper by their whole-hearted co-operation, and that, by so doing, they exercise their citizenship to good effect, we have made some progress in our search ; but only, however, to bring a fresh set of social and economic problems

in our path. These are concerned with the relationships, firstly between those engaged in industry, and secondly between industry itself and those who consume its products. The solution of every human industrial problem involve the employer the worker and the consumer ; for, in the last resort, the latter is the master of the former two. If we can indicate a way by which each group in industry, as citizens, can serve the other, we shall achieve much ; but if, by the same means, the material advancement of both employer and worker is also attained, the course thus pointed out will appear both reasonable and expedient, and so much the greater will be our social gain.

Industrial disputes, as we know them, take the form of allegations of negligence and injustice levelled against employers. Such an absurdity as similar charges by employers against groups of workers can scarcely be imagined ; not because the workers, as such, can do no wrong, but because the remedy is obvious when individual cases of inefficiency or misconduct come to light. Now, the contract, as between employer and worker, may be looked upon in two ways. It can be taken, firstly, as a business deal, involving the exchange of service for a money wage. That being so, beyond the giving of service on the one hand, and the payment of the agreed wage on the other, nothing is due from either side. But we have agreed that there is more involved than this, and our search for light must lead us, therefore, to view the second aspect of the labour contract.

The legal liability of the employer to the worker does not cease with the payment of wages. He must contribute to the Unemployment Insurance Fund, and also to that of the National Health Insurance. He must conform, in addition, to the various Factory Acts, and maintain his premises in accordance with law. He must fence his machinery, and provide for compensation in the case of accidents. He must curtail the hours of employment within the statutory limits, and observe all regulations laid down by the State which govern the employment



of workers. On the other hand, although the legal dues of workers to employers are not specified beyond the presumption of efficient service, they are, nevertheless, implied and real. And if we have agreed that co-operation alone can best serve their respective ends, a whole range of new ideas presents itself for the adjustment of industrial relationships. Having decided upon co-operation as the basis of our enquiry, let us first consider what it means. We must take it in its full sense; for there can be no half measures. In addition to its practical implications, it must exist in spirit, and not alone must there be whole-hearted consideration for the worker on the part of the employer, but the interests of the latter must, at all times, be the close concern of the worker. This implies a spontaneous desire on the part of each to serve the other to the utmost of his capacity, entirely apart from and above the limits which the law has fixed. It may seem, in the face of past experience, like empty theorizing, and difficult, if not impossible, in practice; but a further examination of the practical implications involved might show the matter in a different light. We shall, therefore, suggest some possible means, by which the employer, in his own interest, might serve the worker, and how, in turn, the latter, to his own material advantage, might further his employer's ends. This brings us, from the employer's viewpoint, to the practical aspects of the human element in industry, which we know as the Labour problem.

Two factors of production, namely, machines and men, are features of the modern factory. Care is taken that the machines are working at a maximum rate of efficiency, and, in large firms, a special engineering department is maintained for this purpose. Can we say, however, that similar care is taken of the human element, upon whose rate of output the profits no less depend? An ill-paid and discontented body of workers, while not obviously inefficient, cannot be expected to give their utmost to the firm; and, therefore, in the aggregate, there must be loss of profit, for what is saved in wages, and most certainly

more than that, is invisibly added to the cost of production. Further, the output of unhealthy, undernourished and ill-housed workers, as well as those who toil in workrooms under inadequate conditions of lighting, heating and ventilation, cannot be said to reach a desirable standard ; and with these, too, there is an invisible loss of profit involved. It might be argued that an employer can dismiss a worker when his output is no longer satisfactory, and replace him with another. But here, also, there is inevitable loss ; for the new worker must be trained at the employer's expense, before the required degree of efficiency is reached. Indeed, most employers will agree that a large labour turnover, that is to say, a large number of removals and replacements of personnel, reacts unfavourably upon the profits of the firm.

How, then, should an employer treat his workers, to secure at the same time his own prosperity, and their contentment ? He should, firstly, pay an equitable wage rate to every employee in his business. Secondly, he should fix standards of health, education, intelligence, manual dexterity, and general suitability in respect of each process or job in his factory, saleroom or works ; and devise a proper system for the selection of applicants for employment. Thirdly, he should adopt measures for the health and safety of his workers, such as, in large firms, a works surgery, and a First Aid unit ; and in all firms, a proper working environment, with suitable sanitary, lavatory, and cloakroom accommodation. Fourthly, he should take steps to analyse each manual process, with a view to the elimination of unnecessary fatigue or strain, the introduction of a standard method for its expeditious performance, and the determination of suitable rest periods during the working day. Fifthly, he should initiate schemes for the systematic training and education of young operatives, and compile and maintain records of the health and capabilities of every worker in his employ. In addition, if at all possible, he should plan his business to give continuous employment to a fixed number, rather than irregular



employment to a varying number, of workers. There are many additional ways in which the employer might serve the worker with advantage to both. For the moment, however, we shall revert to the pressing problem of wages, which, besetting alike all engaged in industry, may be taken, perhaps, as the root cause of the majority of industrial differences.

We can do no better than hear the views of a distinguished writer on this important matter :

\* " The problem of wages is the determination of that part of the proceeds of industry which is payable to Labour. This inevitably involves the determination of that other part which shall be paid to Capital in the form of interest. But, unfortunately, the task before us is not in what proportions to divide a given cake, but how to divide a cake the size of which is not given. Wages and profits are, as it were, the sides of a triangle, with a fixed apex, the base of which is production. If the base is short, the sides are contracted. If the base is long, the sides are extended. Wages, as also profits, are conditioned by production. Even " the minimum " wage must be based on an assumed minimum of productivity.

" Whence, then, can increased wages come ?—for that is the crux of the problem. Increased wages may come from one or all of the following sources : (a) Reduced profits, (b) increased selling price, (c) reduced cost of raw materials, (d) increased efficiency and harder work. Each of these is strictly limited, save the last. The rate of profit is limited by the necessity of attracting capital. An increase in selling price is limited by the public demand, and in any event cannot, speaking generally, increase real wages. The decrease in the cost of raw materials is limited by scarcity, transport costs, and the costs of cultivation or extraction. But the efficiency of industry is limited only by the unknown boundaries of human genius and toil. It is, therefore, mainly to this source that we must look for the means whereby the remuneration of those engaged in industry can be augmented."

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\* " The Philosophy of Management " By Oliver Sheldon.

There is no reason to suppose that the essential conditions in industry have changed since the above words were written, or that they do not contain a large measure of truth. Before, however, we speak of increased wages, it is obvious that a minimum, or "living" wage must be determined. Who is to do this? It has long been a principle of justice that no man should be the judge in his own cause; and, for this reason, the fixing of the minimum wage should not be left in the hands of either employer or worker. It would, perhaps, be best settled by a statutory tribunal acting on behalf of the State; and if the minimum wage for each class of worker thus agreed upon, employers would be no longer accountable for a matter outside their province, and the path of co-operation, as between employer and worker, might be an easier one to follow.

The health and safety of workers is, to a certain extent, ensured by law. This means that the risk of disease or accident must be controlled by suitable precautions on the part of the employer. No account, however, is taken of the worker's present standard of physical fitness, nor is there any obligation to ascertain if this might not be raised. We have seen that it is to the employer's advantage to have a healthy and contented personnel. In this direction there is scarcely a limit to which his efforts might lead him, with beneficial results to all; for this has indeed been proved in practice. Many large firms, notably the most prosperous, have specialised "employment," or "welfare" departments, in which all matters relative to the personnel of the business are dealt with. The welfare of the workers, as well as the selection of applicants for employment is in the hands of qualified supervisors, who initiate and carry out, on behalf of the management, progressive schemes for such matters as medical, dental, and optical benefits; training and education; ambulance units; recreation and sports clubs; holiday and savings clubs; libraries; housing of workers; and pensions. In addition, there are works-canteens or dining-rooms, and facilities are available for light refreshments during



rest periods. Well-equipped baths, lavatories, cloakrooms, and rest rooms are maintained, as well as recreation halls and sports grounds; a notable feature of a well-known Dublin firm being a spacious swimming-pool within the factory premises. It may seem difficult to realise that such extensive undertakings in the interests of the worker should mean a net increase in profit to a firm, but this, indeed, has proved to be the case. The contented and healthy worker may be generally relied upon to give voluntarily, and of his best, to his employer, and to maintain, like the well-kept machine, a high and steady rate of output.

Welfare work in industry requires a scientific study of the workers' needs, and this brings us to the question of research. The genius of medical, psychological, and statistical science has in recent years invaded the realms of industry, with outstanding beneficial results. Investigations have been made into such matters as fatigue and boredom, with a view to their elimination or control, and in this connection the benefit of State-co-operation and assistance is always available. It is interesting to note the results of recent research, as ascertained on investigation throughout a wide field comprising different groups and types of workers. On the evidence of the workers themselves, the following order of preference was given\* for desired conditions of employment : (1) security of employment, (2) comfortable working conditions, (3) pleasant companions, (4) good supervision, (5) opportunities for promotion, (6) high wages, (7) opportunities to use own ideas, (8) work which needs thought, (9) short hours, (10) work needing no thought.

Although we might comment in many ways upon the foregoing it will be agreed, perhaps, that some of its revelations are not a little surprising. High wages appear less desirable than pleasing surroundings and humane supervision; while opportunities to co-operate with employers by the use of their own ideas are more sought after by the workers than the seemingly more attractive

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\* Industrial Health Research Board : Report No. 70.

amenity of short hours. And this indeed might give us ample food for thought ; for it opens new avenues of industrial harmony, bringing closer to each other, as real men and women, the employer and the worker ; and showing that, despite the rivalry of Capital and Labour, there is still in Industry, a virile humanity, anxious to give and serve.

If the outcome of exhaustive effort for the well-being of the worker were merely increased efficiency, the employer would be well repaid ; but it engenders rather more than this. The spirit of conciliation, loyalty, and good-will pervades the "contented" factory, awakening the interest of all alike in the prosperity of the business as a whole. Needless waste is frowned upon ; and laxity condemned. Suggestions are offered for the better working of one thing or another, of which the most valuable might come from the humblest worker. Apart from outside economic factors, which we are not concerned with here, it is difficult to see failure ahead of such a firm ; for co-operation rather than rivalry in industrial relationships is the sure road to industrial prosperity.

A problem of social, as well as industrial importance is that of juvenile employment. Much criticism has been levelled at the system whereby young operatives are absorbed into specialised industries in larger numbers than will economically justify their subsequent retention as adult workers. They are thus, in early manhood, again thrown upon the labour "market" to await their chance of re-employment in their adopted occupations, or to start afresh at a different type of work. It is held by some that the years of adolescence are needlessly wasted in such cases, and that employers generally are more prone to use the cheaper form of labour without consideration for the social consequences. This, however, is essentially an economic question which can be viewed in many ways ; and if we assume (as we have done) that the average employer is not entirely heedless of his social responsibility, there would appear to be at least another viewpoint of the problem.

The age of machinery and the growth of the factory system has created a new class of worker in addition to the tradesman, namely, the machine "operative." In some types of this work, complete proficiency can be acquired in a much shorter period than in the average trade or craft. Temptation is, therefore, great to use the equally expert, though less 'expensive' juvenile in preference to the more costly adult. That this consideration weighs heavily with some employers is, doubtless, true; and there does not, on the face of it, appear to be an equitable economic remedy. Agreements, however, where practicable, upon standard "piece-work" rates of wages have solved this problem to a great extent in many industries; while intelligent arbitration has largely resulted in the regulation of such forms of employment. It must be remembered, too, that the tradesman, having "served his time," is not usually retained in his original employment, but seeks another market for his capabilities. Nor can we say with truth that the manual dexterity as well as the knowledge of factory discipline and routine which the juvenile operative acquires during his years of training are entirely indicative of a wasted youth.

The onus, nevertheless, rests upon employers for the exercise of proper foresight and discrimination in the selection of juvenile workers. The launching of a young person on his life's career is a most important matter, and should not be thoughtlessly handled. Before the services of a boy or girl are finally accepted, consideration should be given, in their own interests, to their future suitability for the work; for occupational "misfits" unfortunately are only too numerous. The systematic selection of juvenile applicants by a qualified representative of the employer would not necessarily entail additional expense to the firm; but it would, on the contrary, be immeasurably favourable to the interests of the business. It might be mentioned in this connection that the teachers of local schools, as well as Juvenile Employment Advisory Committees and officials of Employment Exchanges are usually anxious and



willing to co-operate with and to assist employers on questions of juvenile employment.

Interwoven with, and apparently inseparable from modern industry is the organised Trade Union. It will not be denied by many that the growth of these bodies was, in the last century, as much a social necessity as was the economic expedient of organised capital. The Trade Unions, in their day, served a real and vital need ; for they pointed out to less enlightened Administrations the true purpose and function of government. It was left to the worker, of all the citizens of the State, to show that real government means service to all. To the Trade Unions we owe much of the social legislation for the betterment of the worker which the last century has seen ; for it is doubtful, indeed, that the welfare of industrial employees would have attained its present degree of prominence in national affairs without the persistent stimulus of Trade Unionism. The oppression of the weaker classes brought the belated realisation that the State existed for the benefit of all, and not some of its citizens.

But if "out of evil cometh good," we can carry this still further ; for a real evil has undoubtedly emerged from the original good itself which Trade Unionism has wrought. If the early efforts of the Labour pioneers have been crowned with a measure of success, it was not without a social cost to posterity. Generations have passed since the initial stages of the movement but an element of bitterness and rivalry still remains to hinder the progress of industry. The State has played its part, relieving Trade Unionism of many of the essential reasons for its existence. Conditions of employment are, to a large extent, firmly established on a statutory basis. The law ensures for the worker a healthy working environment, provision against sickness, accidents, and unemployment, and holidays with pay. In fact, almost all the grievances of workers which drove them to combine in bitter antagonism against the employer class have become the concern of the common guardian of all citizens, which is the State.

The activities of the Unions to-day relate mainly to the fixing of wage-rates and the regulation of admission to trades. If the wage question is at all to be settled with equity, the proper method is neither collective bargaining with an Employers' Federation, nor yet a show of hands in a meeting hall. The problem is essentially an economic one, involving such matters as the general cost of living, the cost of raw materials, other production costs, and the ultimate price to the consumer of the product of the particular trade in question. It further involves the placing of a "market-value" upon each form of labour, in accordance with such variable factors as the time and cost of learning a trade, the degree of physical and mental capacity required, and the extent to which the labour has added to the value of the "processed" article.

Taken from this angle, it is clear that the solving of the wage problem is a task for the specialist. It requires, firstly, a whole mass of statistical information, and, secondly, the requisite technical knowledge. In addition, and above all, it requires the services of an eminently impartial mediator. Where, alone, but in the governmental machinery of the State, are all these requirements to be found? By what right, in the absence of economic data and laborious calculation, can an employer offer a certain wage, or a worker insist upon a higher one? For we have agreed (have we not?) that neither is the one a buyer, nor is the other a seller of labour.

It is in the nature of things that those with common interests should combine, and that the dominating sentiment of such a union should be loyalty. This alone has been responsible for the triumphant progress of Trade Unionism; and it was much needed when the proper champion of the workers' cause lay dormant and inactive. Tradition, however, has ingrained this loyalty to the exclusion of other essential responsibilities; and, in view of the present-day conditions, has given to it an almost artificial significance. Loyalty to the "firm"—the source from which the "bread-and-butter" comes—is much

more rational, and should be stronger than an abstract loyalty to a cause which is no longer substantive. The alienation of a "loyalty" which is essential to the worker's prosperity has been, perhaps, the only erroneous outcome of Trade Unionism, Rivalry and bitterness, rather than co-operation and harmony are, even to-day, the dominant characteristics of the workers' social heritage.

The question might well be asked why it is that a worker and his employer have less in common than the same worker and a fellow "unionist" whom he has never even seen! Within the modern factory are a number of human beings—Directors, managers, clerks, tradesmen and factory operatives—whose working lives are spent together striving for a common object, namely, the acquisition of profits for the firm. The failure or success of the enterprise reacts alike on all connected with it. Prosperity brings regular and secure employment; adversity means jobless workers. The fortunes of both employer and worker are inseparably locked together, being dependent, in the last resort, upon the fortunes of the business as a whole. Why, then, is it easier to arouse an almost fanatical sentiment of loyalty amongst men and women who, for the most part, are neither fellow-townsmen, work-neighbours, friends, or even acquaintances, than it is to engender the same sentiment between those who know and work with each other towards the same common end?

There is still work for Trade Unionism to do, if it would avert its ultimate decline. It can eradicate the heritage of antagonism which has descended to its sons; for Capital and Labour are no longer enemies, but allies. It can direct the thoughts of its associates towards the more reasonable and more fruitful path of co-operation and loyalty to those with whom they work. It can remove from the eyes of the worker the blinding film which has long obscured the true course to his advancement and prosperity; and it can build up a newer and a saner ideal, which will lead towards the betterment of the nation.

E. M. MCGUIRE



## MORNING OFFERING

The dawn trembles and draws down  
the brown seagull to the dust-bins  
The battalions rushing from the tenements  
offer their hearts to the swords of the morning  
It is the hour for gifts, for inquests that drag out  
upon the tepid roads where kisses fall  
The mistress is unwell, the master at his club  
Three times the telephone with fretted crickets  
recalls a girl who sought lacunae in the Liffey

Day is tyrant with a sweeping broom

While I lie in the middle of my bed  
Why yes, my dear, I think of a girl  
whom I followed once in the margin of my life  
She was so frail the slightest thing  
would swerve her into a pose aside  
She lived in the windows, Square of Roses  
dressed always in dear modes  
How many dreams I have ripped for her  
It would bring tears to a point of view  
Love, O my statue, Love whose eyes are night

One morning ventilated by white aspirants  
I took the train for the suburbs  
with orange flowers in my head  
and the presentiment of no true bill  
The papers headlined a northern strand  
where a woman hunted through the reeds  
There are ten ways to kill the miles  
I was pale at the junction

There she sewed at the blue bay-window  
wind had mined in a corner of fog  
A little nose, a joined ear  
the passage of medusae in her eyes

Curtain, curtain on a silly scene  
I spoke to her of pampas grass  
She was disfigured in my sight  
like a Chinese gold-fish in a bowl

There remain now the agate dawns  
whose birds peck at the casements east  
and if the daily bread slumbers  
on customary tables  
savage leaves pounce out of my sky  
grave-diggers of my knifed heart

The winds get lost in the winds sometimes  
they fall from having turned too much  
In the streets are weeds uprooted  
in my bed a crimson portrait lies  
where I drown because of my hands uplifted  
recounting the stages of my anterior life

Nothing now save metronomic drops

Shrapnel of images

The day is out of depth

BRIAN COFFEY

### **D'ARTAGNAN MAKES A CASE !**

A drink for a drouth !  
What summer have you dried in me  
Holding for taste your body rare  
Give as your mouth  
Does, liberal kisses open there  
Of all shades like the anemone.

It will be all one  
When we tire but now, ageing suspended,  
Loving can stroke day into night.  
What have you done  
Sweet, to my gall? love starting light,  
Like travel reversed, heavy must end it.

We must seem to be  
A unit, say, of June's breath  
Love's favourites are few  
Let him have me  
And you, all lovely you, all of you.  
Nothing will use us after death.

DENIS DEVLIN

# THE REAL WOLFE TONE

By FRANK MacDERMOT

THE recent attempt of a Mr. McCabe to prove Wolfe Tone a spy and informer of the same calibre as McNally, Turner, Magan and Thomas Reynolds has been an inglorious failure. It could hardly have been otherwise. Mr. McCabe had no proof at all of Tone having received any money from the Government or of his having endangered anybody's life or liberty. The testimony of Cockayne and the documentary evidence were amply sufficient to convict Jackson, and Tone's confession simply provided a pretext for enabling the Government to refrain from prosecuting a man whom a number of powerful and devoted friends were eager to save. What happened was an open secret at the time, known to some of the United Irish leaders, as well as to the principal men on the Catholic Committee, and none of them blamed Tone for making his so-called compromise.

Nevertheless, this episode in his life is described by Miss Jacob in her recent book on the United Irishmen as making unpleasant reading, and indeed his conduct is not easy to reconcile with the conventional view of him as being throughout his career an extreme republican and separatist. For a man with such opinions to have gone to the Government with an apology for indiscretion and a plea for leniency, or even to have allowed his friends to do so on his behalf, would certainly, for instance, have deserved from John Mitchel a similar denunciation to that which he launched against Gavan Duffy in the "Jail Journal." Moreover, it is plain that Tone was willing to go to India as an outcome of the transaction, furnished with "strong recommendations" from the Government, and to take service with the East India Company; it was the Government who changed their mind about sending him there. Likewise, during



the brief weeks of Lord Fitzwilliam's Administration in February, 1795, when it was thought that the power of Fitzgibbon and Beresford was broken and that a new era was opening which would include full Catholic emancipation, Tone is found allowing a deputation of the chief Catholics to go to Grattan to urge his claims for Government employment in Ireland itself. Facts like these suggest that popular ideas regarding Tone's character and opinions need to be re-examined and revised.

The main stumbling block in the way of an objective revision is the one passage in Tone's fragments of autobiography which every politically-minded Irishman knows:—

“To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government, to break the connection with England, the never failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects.”

But this description of Tone's political attitude in 1791 was not written until August 1796, after he had been forced into exile in consequence of the Jackson episode, had crossed from America to France, and had spent more than six months in that country and become an officer in its army. Therefore, without impugning Tone's truthfulness, the statement obviously has less authority as evidence than his writings and course of conduct while still in Ireland. It is a common human weakness to rearrange one's past in the light of one's present, and this without any lack of good faith.

Unfortunately, the matter has never been fairly and dispassionately studied—not even by the fair and dispassionate Lecky—because a legend was created about Tone during the 19th century which it suited men of quite opposite political doctrines to maintain. On the one hand, Irish separatists eagerly erected him into a hero who would have nothing to do with compromise; on the other hand, writers seeking to justify British policy during the years preceding 1798 and to prove that the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam was not the cause of the rebellion were delighted to seize on this assertion as showing that from the first the men who really

counted in the United Irish movement were determined not to stop short of complete separation. Consequently, no attention has been paid to the fact that much in Tone's life and writings is impossible to reconcile with this view, unless we suppose him to have been both an unscrupulous liar and a man who was willing, not once but several times, to abandon his principles for the sake of a career.

Before marshalling this evidence we may note two passages in his son's Preface to the Washington edition of the *Life*. On page 5 he says :—

"I believe that in reading these memoirs many people will be surprised at (and some perhaps will blame) the moderation of his views. The persecutions of the Government drove him much further than he purposed at first."

Again, on page 7 :—

"He long endeavoured by legal and constitutional means and even by soliciting the British Monarch and Government to effect that reform; nor was it till all his hopes proved fruitless from that quarter that he determined on attempting by any means the separation of the two countries."

It was only in 1789, when Tone was already twenty-six years of age that he first developed any interest in Irish politics. His earliest political act was a pamphlet on behalf of the opposition Whigs; his second, a pamphlet on the subject of the position of Ireland in case of a war breaking out between Great Britain and Spain. Both of these were published in 1790. While the latter may in one sense be regarded as separatist, and was indeed suppressed by its printer for that reason, it actually argues that for Ireland to stand out of such a war would be perfectly compatible with her relations with the Crown, very much as General Hertzog might argue the same point to-day. It was during this year, 1790, that Tone made the acquaintance of Russell, and in the autumn of that year the two young men embarked upon a correspondence with two members of the British Government—the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Grenville—with a view to persuading the British Ministry to found a military colony in Hawaii (then called the Sandwich Islands) for the purpose of annoying Spain by a privateering war on the

coasts of Spanish America "If the measure I proposed had been adopted," writes Tone, "we were both determined on going out with the expedition"—a state of mind hardly suggestive of undying enmity to the British Empire.

Tone's first serious political work, however, and the work by which he made his mark, was his "Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland" in 1791. At the time this was written, Tone did not know a single Catholic, and it is his own opinions and not those of others that he is expressing. The line taken therein with regard to the British connection may be sufficiently indicated by two quotations:—

"When I talk of English influence being predominant in this country I do not mean to derogate from the due exertion of His Majesty's prerogative. I owe him allegiance, and if occasion should require it, I would be ready cheerfully to spill my blood in his service; but the influence I mean is not that as between the King and his subjects in matter of prerogative but as between the Government and people of England and the Government and people of Ireland in matter of trade and Commerce."

Again:—

"It is therefore extremely possible for the most truly loyal subject in this Kingdom deeply to regret and conscientiously to oppose the domineering of English influence without trenching in the smallest degree on the rational loyalty so long and so justly the boast of Ireland. His loyalty is to the King of Ireland, not to the honourable United Company of Merchants trading, where he must never trade, to the East Indies, nor is it to the clothiers in Yorkshire, nor the weavers of Manchester, nor yet to the constitutional reforming blacksmiths of Birmingham that he owes allegiance. His first duty is to his country, his second to his King, and both are now, and by God's blessing will, I hope, remain united and inseparable."

In this same year, 1791, Tone wrote a letter to Russell, favouring separation, which somehow or other got into the hands of the Government and was later used by Lord Clare as a stick wherewith to beat Tone, the Catholics and the United Irishmen. His son, however, describes the letter as "playful and theoretical," and Tone himself replying to Clare in a letter to "Faulkner's Journal" of July, 1793, of which we shall have more to say presently, denied that he would wish to break the British connection except as a last resource.



In 1792 the Catholic Committee appointed Tone their agent to advance the cause of emancipation, and as such, says Tone, "I was devoted most sincerely to their cause, and being now retained in their service, I would have sacrificed everything to ensure their success." The Catholic campaign was conducted strictly on the basis of loyalty to the Crown, and it can be hardly supposed that Tone would have accepted the position if this had been in conflict with his fundamental principles. In September and October, 1792, at the suggestion of the Catholic leader Keogh, he even engaged in a negotiation with his Whig friend George Knox (the godfather of one of his children) with a view to upsetting the existing Administration controlled by Westmoreland, Hobart and the Beresfords and replacing it by one in which Lord Abercorn, Knox and the Ponsonbys were to be the principal figures, supported of course by Grattan. The proposed Administration would carry full Catholic emancipation and, on that basis, Tone was prepared to serve under it and to obtain a post for his friend Russell. The plan collapsed at an early stage because Lord Abercorn desired the Catholics to close down their own organisation and trust to his doing for them as much as he might find convenient.

About the same time Tone made the acquaintance of Lord Moira, a prominent Whig and supporter of the Catholic claims, who was later to give valuable help and hospitality to the Catholic leaders when they came to London, and to be the godfather of another of Tone's children. Through Lord Moira Tone tried to procure promotion in the Army for his friend Russell; he also, it would appear from one of his letters, desired to procure employment from Lord Moira for himself, probably as private secretary. None of this suggests unbending hostility to the British connection.

At the end of the year the Catholic delegation went to London, accompanied by Tone, had conversations with the Secretary of State, Dundas, and presented a Petition to the King in person. This Petition was drawn up by Tone and contained emphatic assurances of loyalty. It concluded with the words:—

“As we do not give place to any of your Majesty’s subjects in loyalty and attachment to your sacred person, we cannot suppress our wishes of being restored to the rights and privileges of the constitution of our country, and thereby becoming more worthy as well as more capable of rendering Your Majesty that service which it is not less our duty than our inclination to afford. So may Your Majesty transmit to your latest posterity, a Crown secured by public advantage and public affection; and so may your royal person become, if possible, more dear to your grateful people.”

Making all allowance for courtliness, we can hardly imagine a convinced separatist consenting to associate himself with such a Petition.

There followed the Catholic Relief Bill of 1793, after which Tone retired to the country to a small estate inherited from an uncle. Dr. Madden and others have suggested that Tone lost interest in politics because neither Catholics nor United Irishmen were extreme enough for him. As against this we have the evidence of the Drennan letters that the more impatient of the reformers regarded Tone as having become too absorbed in the Catholic cause to be a good radical. We have also statements on the subject from both Tone and his son. The latter says that his father began for the first time during this period to consider seriously the desirability of breaking the British connection. War with France had broken out in February 1793, and had led to strongly repressive measures in both England and Ireland against democratic meetings and organisations. It was the sort of period when liberalism and moderation are out of fashion and men tend to divide themselves into reactionaries and rebels. Whatever Tone’s reflections about all this, his actions were still in favour of moderation. He objected to “ebullitions of impotent resentment by which they (the United Irish Clubs) only favoured the views of the Administration,” and according to his son, by endeavouring to restrain them he lost all influence with the United Irishmen. Tone himself says in a memorandum written in February, 1795, that by the United Irishmen he was always looked on as a suspicious character or a Catholic partisan trying to make them an instrument for Catholic emancipation at the sacrifice of their other

objects ; and he adds that subsequent to May, 1793, he never attended their meetings or took any part in their concerns, because he disagreed with their policy of persuading the Catholics to press for parliamentary reform immediately after obtaining their own Relief Bill.

Further light may be obtained from Tone's letter to "Faulkner's Journal" dated 11th July, 1793, in answer to the attack upon him by Lord Clare. This letter, which appears on page 495 of Volume I. of the Washington edition, should be read in full. Two citations may be made here :—

"I am sure no man in Ireland will ever think of the question of separation unless gross corruption in the legislature of his country and continued sacrifice of her interests to England shall compel him."

And again :—

"My theory of politics since I had one was this—What is the evil of this country? British influence. What is the remedy? A reform in Parliament. How is that attainable? By a union of all the people. For these three positions, fire will not melt them out of me ; I have always maintained them and always shall. But of this creed separation makes no part. If it were *res integra*, God forbid but I should prefer independence ; but Ireland, being connected as she is, I for one do not wish to break that connection, provided it can be, as I am sure it can, preserved consistently with honour, the interests and the happiness of Ireland."

On the whole, it can be confidently said that up to the visit of Jackson in April, 1794, Tone both by his actions and by his writings must be judged a constitutionalist. When at the suggestion of Hamilton Rowan, who was lying in prison (in a state of high irritation) as punishment for a "seditious libel" which he had not written, Tone consented to prepare a memorandum for Jackson about the state of Ireland for communication to the French Committee of Public Safety, he was entering on a new path, and from then until the time of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall a year later he treated this himself as an act of folly and indiscretion. He was willing to give the Government any information about it he could without implicating others. Furthermore, as mentioned above, he was willing to take a post in India, which at first the Government intended to obtain



for him, and during the brief reign of Lord Fitzwilliam he would have accepted Government employment in Ireland.

His rebuff on the latter occasion by Grattan must in fairness be regarded as inevitable. It was essential to the success of the men who desired a policy of justice and conciliation that they should steer clear of Jacobinism and "treason," and Tone's rash association with Jackson, the emissary of Robespierre, had undoubtedly compromised him. Grattan, who at one time desired to conduct all communications with the Catholic Committee through the medium of Tone, had therefore felt obliged to advise them to employ Tone no longer; he could hardly be expected to think him more suitable as an employee of the Fitzwilliam Government. With the speedy fall of that Government the reactionaries were firmly in the saddle, and every Irishman had to make his choice between rebellion and patient acquiescence in the existing régime while waiting for better days. It was not in Tone's nature to adopt the latter alternative. When to these things is added the bitterness of exile, we have enough to explain the transition which brought him to fall in with the designs unfolded to him in Belfast on the eve of his departure by leaders of the new and revolutionary inner circle of the United Irishmen and to undertake the task of procuring a French invasion.

I sometimes wonder whether if Lord Clare had known what Tone was going to do, he would have wished to prevent him from sailing, for Clare's dearest object was to identify the popular cause with treason. When a French representative called Oswald visited Ireland in 1793 and returned to France with an unfavourable report after a discouraging reception, Clare must (if he knew of it) have been bitterly disappointed. The greater success of Jackson in 1794 gave him what he had been praying for, except that fewer leaders than he hoped fell into the trap. And, if he had known or suspected that the journey on which Tone was setting out was to take him to Paris in the following year, it is more than possible that, far from restraining him, he would have desired to speed him on his way.

FRANK MACDERMOT

# CAOINE

P. A. USSHER DO SCRÍOB Ó SEANČAS  
TOMÁIS Ó MUIRTE (DÉISEAC)

Ó a d'aité b'íod, tá na cómarsaín go léir ag teacht ag crochad  
lám leat inoíu fé raíad tu sa cómraínn.

Ní b'faigíod tu fáilte a cur ar don céann aca anois, is ba'd é  
tusa an fear boct ambead a catáoir is a stól i gcóir do gac don  
triúntaíde boct a tiocfaid istead, is amasa, an lá ar pús tu  
mo mátaí n'í raib mórán córaça agat cun einne a cur 'na  
suidhe ionnta.

Ní raib d'ada agat féin is gem mátaí a suidhead air an céad  
lá ac an dá cloic gúirm a tug tú istead ón gcnoc, is bíod an  
saozal is a mátaí ag gáiríde fút d'íarraid mionnán an gabair  
d'friotálad ar té duib, is tóg tu i is gabar ba'd ead i com  
ratamail is a tógad aige bun sléibhe riam.

Nuair a bí sí tógta agat céannuig tu laog buineann is tóg  
sí i duit, is cuir sí strus ar an gcnoc.

Dain tu cré buide 'na tonnai, tóg tu fallai is tigthead, tugais  
scoil is léigean dom-sa is dom dreipéaraça, is cuiris tar  
na fairrígí sinn ag múinead dos na huaisle amuig an teanga  
beag Saedilge a oil tu féin dúinn cois na teine beag móna  
an oirdce gémriod,

is ba'd 'in an teine beag lágac macánta ná cuiread mias de  
mín buide le heinne eile sa corcán ann riam.

Má cáill tusa cnaipe do léine féin cuiris greim innti tu féin  
fé n-íarrfa tamall de sprong ar einne cun an botán a glanad.

Ní feaca einne beo tu féin is do cómarsaín ge dlíge ná binnse  
riam, is má d'ógfaid luait an teinteáin don cúinne den ngáirvín  
is tusa an fear a bí inneamail cun an tobar d'íompód air go  
canta.

Is tá a shloct air, d'éirig leat, níor táinig báille ná píleir  
riam dí do d'oras, ná muilleoir ná fear ná bean d'adon  
casóig níor d'orcúigeadar t'tairsing riam ag lorg a gcoda.  
Táinig tu ar na spáinnéirí beaga a cuir tu ar na cnuic, is  
níor cáill tu ribe g'ruaige deo céann leota, agus is tusa a

sásuiḡ an maigistír is a ḡlan a srón ḡo calma le ciarsúir beaḡ do póca aḡ cur an t-uisce aḡ ríot ar an mbótar díreac ar an ḡnoc.

Cuiris airḡeao ḡeal is airḡeao rua i ḡcoimeao sa mbannc tóinn, is b́ris tu is saotruiḡ tu an áit i raib an stolla áóbalmór ar an ḡnoc a cuireao eadla ar don fear nó bean a ḡaib tairis riam, is ó'fáḡais ḡo brotallac ió óiaió anois aḡainn an pionnta bainne beirbḡḡte is an builín b́riste tíos ann.

Ó'fáḡais péire capall ió óiaió, is ḡo deimín is ḡo diailim ní b́raḡeao Taóḡ p'eiróléir ná a bean a ráó ḡur capall ḡan cruíóte iao !

Is anois, a óaio b́oíct, tóḡfaimíó-ne an bótar ceanann céadna díreac a tóḡ tusa, mar 'sé an bótar díreac an bótar ḡairio i ndeireao na scríbe, aḡus is 'mó tuine a cuir ceann ar cruaió is óreoaó é air 'na óiaió, ac don ruó a leaḡ tusa do lám air riam bí áó leis, is níor imtḡḡ do cuio soóair ḡo léir i mblátaḡ riam.

Ac anois, a óaio b́oíct, caíḡpíó me do cómra ó'fáḡáilt is tu a sócruḡao isteaó innti ḡo snasta, is ní feiceoóaimíó a céile ḡo deo arís óí b́ruinne an b́ráta, ac má féaoḡaíó tu a cuise é tar 'ár b́réacaint Oíóce na Maró, beíó teine maíḡ móna sócruḡḡte síos aḡam-sa óuit, is do píopa lán i b́puillín an iarta.

Óia leat anois, a óaio b́oíct, is éim na haingil aḡ soillsiuaó ort ḡo brotallac, is tá amras aḡam ḡo b́fuil Óia buíóeac tóíot.

Ó nár ḡearruḡ tu srón don páiste ar an saoaḡal so, ní caíḡpar don íle ar t'aibíó sa saoaḡal eile.

## A NOTE ON "CAINNT AN tSEAN-SHAOGHAIL"

*Three years ago I returned to my home in the country, and began to occupy my leisure with rubbing up my Irish. I had got a smattering of the romantically-loved tongue in boyhood (with the help of which fifteen years ago I undertook the ambitious task of translating "Cúirt an Mheadhon Oidhche"), but in the*



intervening period the old speakers who had been my teachers had passed away, and I could find only one left in the vicinity to apply to for aid. This was a quiet, unnoticed man, born in "Sliabh Gua na hEigse" of the Comeraghs, but who had not spoken Irish or heard it spoken for many years. He had never, I believe, met a Gaelic Leaguer, and his speech was quite uninfluenced by print—indeed he could not read or write in any language. Asking him the Irish for this and that, I was at once struck by the freshness and originality of his idiom, and by the lively bits of dialogue he would improvise on the spur of the moment to illustrate the use of a phrase. I began to scribble down these bits of dialogue, so as not to lose a drop of this precious vintage which had lain so long in the wood. Encouraged by this appreciation for a facility which he had never set the slightest store by, the dialogues became longer, more close-knit, more consciously shapes of art. Every phase of the life of the old world was taken up, looked at from the angle of each speaker, made living by copious phrases snatched from the only life he knew—the life out of which Hesiod and Ezekiel wrote. Sayings such as "God did not tighten the skimmer of the plough on me," "from dawn until the light of the hawk is behind the ash-tree," "the day of the farmer is on the top of the thorn-bush and the day of the labourer fallen to the ground,"—and how many thousand more!—rained on my delighted ears. I was soon spending very nearly all my time in Tomás Ó Muirthe's company, stumbling along the furrows beside him as he ploughed, scribbling as fast as fingers often numb with frost would carry the stub of pencil. For we were never sitting down,—when he was not working for his employer he was cultivating his holding, and in the winter evenings he did the cobbling for the neighbourhood and had to keep to his last; otherwise he talked while he worked, and I had to write while I ran. I soon had an immense stack of the dramatic dialogues and monologues—over half a thousand—all of the same quality, and never in the same words. He took a craftsman's pride in perfecting and sandpapering his own phrases; few people would have had the patience I demanded from him in bidding him "think again,"—and again, and again,—when a saying was in danger of becoming stale by repetition. Such lack of suspicious reserve is uncommon in the Gaeltacht, but Ó Muirthe had known me from a child, and let his fancy roam aloud for my enjoyment where a member of a Folk-Lore Commission would have met with nothing but oyster-like impenetrability. Whether this marvellously gifted man would in time exhaust his vein I do not know, but I may now feel satisfied that I possess a fairly complete record of the colloquial speech of the Decies of fifty years ago, of a dialect philologically most interesting, but which is dying fast—in the odour of official sanctity. Now I ask, what will come of my find? The Gaels "of the movement" whom I have spoken to all declare it could not be published in the Free State. It is not a "school-book,"—teachers would not understand the expressions, and would perhaps consider them "common." It is not a translation into "Civil Service Irish" of a world-wide circulationist, such as Bram Stoker or De Vere Stackpoole. It is not a contribution to the long-awaited Gaelic literature of the Future, in the form of a novel or a play. Is Tomás Ó Muirthe's legacy to go into the old family escritoire, after having served its purpose of giving me the greatest literary thrill of my life? If so, his country is the loser, and the Gaelic movement deserves the contemptuous scepticism which so many already are beginning to feel about it. Whatever "Irish" is spoken in this country in a hundred years from now, it will not be the language which was as much a part of our life as a turf-fire; and Ireland may say, like the Elizabethan martyr:

"My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,  
And now I live, and now my life is done."

P. ARLAND USSHER

# A LANDSCAPE FROM DOWNPATRICK

By J. N. McFEETERS

THE clouds on the horizon were like a grove of smoky trees at first, or like the grey hair thrown back, a nimbus, on Beethoven's thought-encircled head—his statue, hero, nubifer—or like mountain tops above the hills, as the psalm says; and between them and the plains of Iveagh there shone a firth of yellow air as cool as a pool and as bright as an orange. The crows, or rooks they call them in England, were tumbling among their trees round the cathedral, clamouring and tossing. From the tufted woods below in Hollymount pop a sportsman fired pop right and left with as peaceful a distant country sound as a Sabbath bell. But to the duck? BANG, BANG. Twice hit. Twice heard. No. 3. Blown from its flight by a Sirocco gasps on one wing it gasps, its side a frozen stone, a molten metal, furnace-red-hot-heated. Among brown roots and leaves, green-shaded—and the green grass grew all round. Within that wood there was a tree and UNDER that tree there was a duck, and IN that duck there was a cave (cave? cave) and in that cave there was a backmost blackmost backmost and cowering there a fear, a pain. Fearfully looking towards the darkened light for an approach. Light thickens and the crow makes wing and clamours and the popping guns BANG, BANG, and the dog paddles, whines, sniffs, bites vainly at the splashes of its threshing paws. (Fetch it, Teddy, fetch it, boy), and winds the fainting surrendered prize. Surrendered to its mouth. To the sportsman.

It was then that the sun peered out its last from behind Slieve Croob, a tiny arc, an eye, an observer, an enigmatic leer, a dragon grin, a benediction-spreading light that lay flat and quiet, gilding those bird-filled woods (but one nest now to let, unfurnished), brightening those many-cattled fields, the fields of Ireland, Down of the many herds.

Cattle roam the plains of Iveagh, brisket-deep in grass. They crush the ground in cloven indentations as they walk, mild, vagrant, cropping the green, heavyweights first quality at 48/6, here ! 48/- per live hundred ; but, to me, slow moving spots of red-and-white, lice sized for distance. Others I cannot see ; they are outside the bowl of here-now round which my vision bends ; they wander fitfully there, estimated dressed carcass weight about the square root of minus one : ghosts of speculation, moodily acrop. But in a universe outside of mine do they really exist ? I wonder

"If in their bodies pent  
Absent from me they roam?"

or are they not rather burnt up, as Blake thought, when I don't see them—as the sun is burnt up now? A red light shows behind boiler-bars, a furnace red-hot-heated. Yet, somewhere, it is noon. Over our heads in broad daylight, somebody's golden sunset, somebody's golden sunrise. Noon now upon the Atlantic, with the sun a King. Hosts of waters dancing light.

Southward the plains of Iveagh, many-coloured Atlantic, wash the Mournes: toy hills. So Teneriffe. The Mountains of Mourne roll down, roll in stone slopes down to that sea, silted, cattle tracked, tree grown, and over the Mournes a cloud has come hoisting up, a nimbus, grey and light, swelling and bulging, wrapping the peaks and flowing damply into the wormy valleys. Unlit by the sun.

Over the Mournes it spread, shadowing with condor-darkening wings . . . .

So I, as from here in Dun-da-leth-glas the kings looked out, tall-statured, red-golden-braceleted, viewing their innumerable moving herds. The kings looked out from here, across to these wolf-haunted hills, tall wolf hounds in the leash; saw the clouds gather in the south, and as they feasted in Patrick's Dun there came a finger upon the wall writing Mene Mene Their golden sunset the white Norman noon. And the interpretation of the thing is this:

PERES: "Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

MENE: "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting."

MENE: "The giraffe, by its lofty stature, much elongated neck, fore-legs, head and tongue, has its whole frame beautifully adapted for browsing on the higher branches of trees. It can thus obtain food beyond the reach of the other Ungulata or hoofed animals inhabiting the same country; and this must be a great advantage to it during dearths."

MENE: "Only when we dismiss the claim to know a proximate and intelligible purpose, and confess that the ultimate purpose is beyond our ken, can we discern that the lives of historical characters are adapted to the end of which they have been used."

UPHARSIM: "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

The rain is falling now on the hills (half an hour before it reaches here) monotonously, incessantly, as rivers flow and wheels turn: changed, can think, but still the same. Still time runs on, still wheels, still rain. From their giant hollows, where white-bellied glacier worms have wriggled, the rivers cry; the earth sogs, bogs. Its sodden sods. The ground bulges with too much wet. The running grass blades bow patiently. The



runnels trinkle, tinkling run. Boots like wet paper, gelatine. Foots. Toes oozing ooze. Ugh ! . . . Good weather for a Sunday-school excursion. " Liza Ann ! Come off them wet stones when I bid ye ! Catchin' yer death ! " " Och, ma ! You're awful ! "

Grey granite stones. Adsorption. Somewhere I read.

The water gripes the stones, clings there with lover's clasp, these two one flesh. Water-stone, stone-water, a new creation. Neither unchanged. Give me your inmost being, I you will give. We are new.

Gin a body meet a body—crystals formed. The chemistry of love. But why not anither body ? " Because the water has the greater affinity for the surface of the stone." I read it. Science with all your faults I love you still : amusing answers to children's questions. " Myself when young did eagerly frequent but evermore . . . "

Around hovers the air, defeated rival, ither body, despised, rejected. There shall be weeping. But when the warmth comes, as the major atmospheric forces force, in planetary space the stratispheric tides, an Act of God (for which the Company is not liable), an act of the sun, sunspots, the water's clasp relaxes. See how she fades away, in rivulets running to the sea. The stone resumes its poise. The air, shy lover, Echo, wraps him again in mild embrace. Content with this. . . . Strong curtain.

But there's another performance. Patrons are respectfully requested to vacate their seats to allow others to come in. Then, again and again, monotonously, incessantly, rivers, wheels, time, suffering, mental fight and lover's hope ; and to what end ? Is it only this—to come out by that same door wherein we went ?

The sun has gone down, leaving clinkered ash in the west, and a faint, indifferent, yellow light. It's getting cold and dark and the sportsmen are retiring with their bags of meat and feathers. The dogs trot, tired, behind, trained, mild, with hanging heads. (Lucky for them they aren't edible or the sportsmen would have them inside.) The river is a silver river-coloured skysilver streak ; birds in it, moorhen and baldycoot oar out to meet and pass : placid again ; forgetful ; accepting. The crows in quiet have folded their tattered sails, and swing at anchor now in their nests, as comfortably as any snoring boatload of pirates off the Tortugas or Yucatan. They, too, unquestioning, clasp their destiny. Everything. Let me.

I see the cloud rush up the sky like a blackamoor, trailing a sweepingbrush of rain over the land. Behind it, the thunder uncoils its leisurely length along the writhing summits. A

dragon clinking its iron scales : Draco, long dragon-constellation. A shock of lightning to the eyes, like the first blow of a battle.

Hosts beyond the mountains, Strongbow and his barons, De Courcy, Geraldus-hero, urging his white horse, white armour shining, hoofs a-ring, on, onwards to be king. Fool ! not knowing his mission, driven by the stratispheric tides, the sunspots, lit by what dragon, by what benedictive suns, on, onwards that Craigavon may be Prime Minister, and prime eating cattle be 48/- per live hundredweight, and ducks be shot by sportsmen, and space be warped wherever there is matter, especially near Downpatrick, and wee Liza Ann get her death of cold at the annual excursion with sitting on the wet stones, and the heavy lovemaking of rocks be bigamous, crystallogenic, and that you and I, though at last accepting, be bewildered by the strange order of this vegetable world ; for Lord Craigavon, prime eating cattle, Atlantic waves, Liza Ann, the Mourne Mountains—like de Courcy's self ; Craigavon, prime eaters, Atlantic, Liza, the Mournes ; yes Craig, primes, At., Liz., Mournes, time, space, this vegetable world :—are all destined for the bin, as he was, and like my old shirt with the ragged tail that I tore last week and like its brand new seven-and-sixpenny successor. Our sunset the next men's sunrise, theirs others'. I saw Craigavon's shoulders in front of me in church, stooped.

Yes, and this is comforting, somehow and strangely, now that I'm tired. " They shall all wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up and they shall be changed." . . . . " They shall perish but Thou remainest." Peace. Peace.

And now the cloud advanced like night itself, as if to cover the world and sink and stifle it, as gas in a bell jar drops and weighs and wriggles. But whether it covered all or not, I do not know, for the clocks in the town were striking seven at intervals and the church bell for vespers was ringing in trine. " Father, Son and Holy Ghost," " Father, Son and Holy Ghost " from de Courcy's Norman Keep (beat your castles into parish churches) and everything else was quiet now except for the hilarious wild cries of the strange politics in the marshes and it was time to go if I was not to be soaked and the lane was as dark as a stable and in the town, where everybody had retreated indoors, the principal inhabitants were the street lights, you could see about twenty of them at different places below, shining with a sort of flickering permanence, somehow very like souls ; and indeed if they had only bodies around them I think they could have walked from their places and talked with you and taken their pints of porter like you or me or my brother or your sister.

J. N. MCFEETERS

# THE DEATH BED

SHORT STORY By RUPERT STRONG

WHEN old Mr. Cabinteely collapsed in the garden he was carried into the house and left to die on an improvised bed in the drawing room, as it was impossible to carry him upstairs. There was, of course, some doubt as to whether this would be the end. The milkman said that the first stroke seldom proved fatal, that Mr. Cabinteely would probably be struck down three times before he died. That was how it had been with Mrs. Hoskins, who used to live five doors up the road. She was struck down—God rest her soul—three times before the breath left her, the second stroke leaving her paralysed.

But the priest would not come twice a day, as Mrs. Thin said, if there was no real danger of death. Mrs. Thin, who owned the house, and her companion, who was always known as Esther, watched the comings and goings of Father Hannan with a morbid curiosity. Only now did they guess that the old man had money.

The doctor said that it was most unlikely that the stroke would prove fatal, and that it was unnecessary for Mrs. Thin to obtain the services of a trained nurse. Mr. Cabinteely had, he said, a strong constitution and could probably be moved upstairs in a few days' time—or, perhaps, the best policy would be to take him to a home for the aged.

It was quite clear that the doctor regarded the old man as an ordinary panel patient. That Mr. Cabinteely had enough money to pay the exorbitant fees of a nursing home never entered his head. He was very kind to the women, always trying to save them trouble. It was for Mrs. Thin's sake that he suggested that the patient should be taken away.

When Mrs. Greenway, the daily help, said that some children had seen a white rook perching on the roof the women knew for certain that the doctor was mistaken, that there would be a death in the house before long. Esther remembered how a red dog had been seen following the greengrocer's son the same morning as the boy was killed on his bicycle. Of course they did not believe in omens, but still it was queer. Very queer. They told everyone about the white rook. The doctor looked down his nose at them and laughed. But everyone else, including the priest, thought it was strange that the bird should



have settled on the house. The children said that it showed that old Mr. Cabinteely would go to Heaven. They were glad that it had not been a black rook because he used to buy them sweets.

In spite of the inconvenience caused by illness in the house the women were unusually cheerful. A real interest had come into their lives. People whom they hardly knew came to enquire after the patient. In the daytime they kept answering the door and in the evening they sat for hours round the kitchen table talking about strokes and people who had "passed over." Their voices were hardly ever raised above whispers. But in their hearts they were merry; they felt like children who can laugh in the face of death.

Every day they were expecting the arrival of Mr. Cabinteely's brother, who lived in some remote part of Scotland. When the neighbours called they always said: "And has his brother from Scotland arrived?" as though this visit would be the beginning of the end. And Mrs. Thin or Esther would say: "No. Not yet. Mr. Cabinteely is asking for him all the time. He's such a long time coming."

On the Sunday following the stroke Mr. Cabinteely showed signs of improvement. He asked to be allowed to smoke his pipe. All day he lay with his head close to the window, drawing in the scent of the syringa that grew against the wall outside. His massive body was too large for the bed. It seemed as though part of him must overflow on to the floor. His huge round head and long, heavy arms looked out of place on a bed, made one feel uncomfortable, as when a man weeps. He lay like an old bull that should have died in battle with a younger member of the herd, but which is deserted and left to die in its own time. But there was nothing brutal about his face. In his lifetime he might have been a brute of a man, might have lifted other men between his finger and thumb and dashed them against a wall; he might have served a devil with all his power; but now there was a kind of uplift about his face. It almost seemed as though some hand had erased the passion from his mouth.

The women never left him alone for long. Mrs. Thin would sit motionless beside him in front of the window. She was a tall, gaunt woman with a black velvet band round her throat. He could not see her without turning his head; but he could feel her eyes on him all the time. She was fascinated by the process of dying. She remembered the words he muttered unconsciously, and carried them to the other women. She

would have liked to ask him about his private affairs ; but she was too clumsy of speech to talk round the questions that hammered in her head. She would sigh self-pityingly, and blame him for not taking her into his confidence.

Esther took upon herself the task of giving Mr. Cabinteely his food. She had grown stout from living in kitchens and sitting rooms, and her wrists were swollen as though string had been drawn tightly between the rolls of flesh. She was over forty years old ; but she was conscious of a physical attraction that Mrs. Thin did not possess. In this house and with these people she felt almost young. As she gave Mr. Cabinteely his broth she would lean close over him, her ample bosom swelling with understanding. In a vague sort of way she told herself that a man was never too old to respond to a woman's charms. It seemed to her quite natural that he should want to take her into his confidence, to talk to her about the things that trouble men when they are near to death. But the old man hardly spoke, except to thank her for his food.

Most of the time he was too remote, too impersonal for contact with anyone in the room. Esther felt injured because of his indifference. If the barrier between them had only been a screen she would have torn it down ; but this was something intangible, something on which she could not lay her hands. She was more interested in him as a man than was Mrs. Thin. She did not care about his private affairs ; but she wanted him to feel that she was near to him in his dying. To gain such an intimate relationship would have been a fulfilment of her personality, a compensation for much that she had missed in life.

Only Mrs. Greenway, the daily help, seemed now and again to pass beyond this intangible barrier. The other women were jealous of her, afraid that by some extraordinary means she might worm her way into Mr. Cabinteely's affections. It was Mrs. Greenway whom the old man had sent to the post office with a message to his brother. He had never even told the other women that he had a brother alive. He asked her several times a day if there was any reply to his telegram ; but he never mentioned the subject to Esther or Mrs. Thin. Most nights she sat up with him, catching a few winks of sleep as best she could in the armchair, her worn old face showing haggard in the flicker of the night light.

On the Sunday following the stroke the priest was too busy to call at the house ; but in the evening Mrs. Greenway spread a white cloth over the small oval table by Mr. Cabinteely's bed

and set out the candles and a glass bowl of water. The other women watched her moving to and fro with silent indignation. "She'll get nothing out of it," Esther said spitefully, doubting her own words. "That priest gives me the creeps—he'll be here to say Mass again in the morning."

Afterwards the three women sat together round the table in the kitchen. Mr. Cabinteely was asleep. "He'd of been dead long ago—except he was such a powerful man, so well nourished," Mrs. Greenway said. Mrs. Thin and Esther nodded their heads. They could never resist talking to the servant; although they felt annoyed afterwards at such intimacy. "Seems to me he had three strokes in one," Mrs. Greenway added.

"Do you remember Miss Lumsden?" Mrs. Thin asked Esther, ignoring the daily help. "The one who was a school teacher. She had a stroke, you know, cycling back to her work so as to be in time for the inspector. When she arrived at the school she fell flat on her face. Now she can only move one hand." Mrs. Thin looked up lugubriously, marking the effect of her words. They all knew the story.

"What I can't understand is why we pray against sudden death," said Esther, "just think of poor Miss Lumsden. Seven years in bed."

"She's dying now," Mrs. Greenway broke in, as usual with the latest information. "The doctor don't think she'll last. It's time we said a prayer for her."

"Only one eye left in her head," Mrs. Thin continued, "and always wanting sops of whiskey. Plenty of friends, too—like Mr. Cabinteely. They've both got money." She looked meaningly at Mrs. Greenway.

As if to show how pure were her intentions the daily help began, "Ah, he's a grand man. A grand man, is Mr. Cabinteely. It's a treat to look after him. Not a day's illness in his life before this. That's the worst of strong healthy men—they usually get a stroke or the dropsy. Poor things."

Towards midnight the women went to bed. Mrs. Greenway lay down on a couch in the kitchen after making sure that Mr. Cabinteely had everything he wanted. But the lights had not been out long in the house before a heavy thump was heard, which apparently came from the drawing room. Mrs. Thin and Esther lay in the beds wondering if they had really heard a noise; but Mrs. Greenway darted from the kitchen. She knew that there was something wrong with Mr. Cabinteely.

She found the old man lying on the floor. Part of his body was right under the bed and she could not see his face. She



dropped on her knees beside him, trying to drag his shoulders so that the light would fall on his face. But it needed a strong man to move Mr. Cabinteely. The old woman was unable to shift him an inch.

Thinking that he had died, Mrs. Greenway clasped her hands together in prayer for his soul. Then she saw the old man's eyes looking at her from under the bed. Only the eyes were visible, luminous as glowing coals in a heap of ashes. She stooped close over him, afraid of what she saw. There seemed to be no life in the old man except in those shining orbs. She touched him and found him cold and damp.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" she kept asking, finding comfort in the sound of her own voice.

Mrs. Thin and Esther emerged from their rooms in a mixture of day and night attire. They stood outside Mr. Cabinteely's room, whispering and listening to the sounds that came from the drawingroom. A sense of the impropriety of going into a room where a man was sleeping at nighttime made them feel self-conscious in each other's presence. They were not sure if they could believe their ears.

"Is that you, Mrs. Thin?" the woman called from inside. "Come quick. I can't move him. Oh, he's in a dreadful way."

Mrs. Thin and Esther hurried into the room, pushing against each other, each anxious to be the first to lend a helping hand.

"How did he get there?" Mrs. Thin asked.

"We must lift him up," said Esther, wanting to show that she was the only practical person in the room. "That bump we heard must have been him falling out of bed."

Mr. Cabinteely began to groan softly. It was a ghostly sound like wind moaning in the rafters. Mrs. Thin flopped into a chair. "This is too much for me," she kept saying. "It's dreadful. Oh, it's dreadful." She could not keep her eyes off the prostrate form that lay half concealed under the bed. She felt angry with the old man for groaning, angry because she thought he was trying to rouse pity in the hearts of the living. In her own illnesses she had often groaned; but she had always been conscious of her groans, had kept them for visits from her friends or doctors.

"If he has the strength to make that noise," she said, "he ought to have the strength to roll out into the open." Mrs. Greenway looked surprised. "Don't you see he's paralysed," she said, "just like poor Mrs. Hoskins. He's past helping himself."

Esther put her arms under the bed, her head resting on the sheets. She tried to get her fingers under the old man's shoulder

blades in order to obtain a sufficient grip to drag him under the light. But there was no strength in her soft plump wrists. "You lift him by the shoulders," she said to Mrs. Greenway, giving up the effort. "I will hold his legs."

"You don't think he's been drinking?" Mrs. Thin asked, looking at an almost empty bottle of brandy. She belonged to a temperance society and it was only with a martyred expression on her face that she had allowed the tradesman to leave the offending bottle at the house. "Anyhow, perhaps you had better give him another sop," she added, with a look of resignation, which showed that she was making another sacrifice.

The other women took no notice of Mrs. Thin. Esther had succeeded in raising old Mr. Cabinteely's legs a few inches above the floor; but Mrs. Greenway was only able to lift the massive round head, which rolled from side to side as though the bones had been broken in the neck. She held his head firmly in the crook of her arm. "It needs a man. I can't do nothing," she said. Esther was panting with the strain of holding the lower part of his body. She tried to pull the old man from under the bed; but as she turned his legs outwards the upper part of his body was only pushed further under the bed.

"You'll have to pull him out by the arm," Mrs. Thin said, offering the only piece of advice that the other women accepted. Esther and Mrs. Greenway caught hold of a lifeless arm, and together they dragged him inch by inch across the floor. "Oh, Lord, we'll tear the arm off him," Mrs. Greenway whimpered; but Esther tugged with all her might and main. "He feels nothing," she said; but somehow she did not care how much they hurt him. She was filled with a blind rage against his weight and helplessness.

They dragged him into the light and Esther put a pillow under his head, fumbling with her fat wrists and fingers. "He's sinking fast now," said Mrs. Thin, gazing at his closed eyes as if bewitched. "Poor man. What an end, what an end."

When Mr. Cabinteely opened his eyes the women seemed to shrink backwards, although they held their ground. While the body lay under the bed they were only conscious of his inert form. There he was, as good as dead. But now they realised with a kind of shock that his eyes were as alive as their own. They watched his lips opening and shutting with the desperate puffing movement of a fish dying out of water.

"We'll have to fetch the doctor," Esther said at last. "And the priest, too, I suppose," said Mrs. Thin—"He'll want to say his rosary, or whatever it is they do." "He's past saying

anything," Mrs. Greenway interrupted. "First I'll tuck him up warm and then fetch Father Hannan and the doctor."

Mrs. Thin coughed and drew her coat close over her night-dress, remembering that it was cold. "It will be light soon," Esther said, looking out of the window. "How queer to think that he may never see another day."

"Don't talk like that," Mrs. Greenway said softly, "he can hear even if he can't move."

"Who are you to give orders?" Mrs. Thin snapped.

Esther stood by the window drawing in the scent of the syringa. The sky was already pale in the east. She felt sad—not about anything in particular—just sad. Her plump wrists lay on the window sill, supporting her heavy bosom.

"Take that handkerchief off his eyes," Mrs. Thin ordered. "He's not dead yet. It gives me the creeps." Mrs. Greenway gave her a withering look—"The light dazzles him," she said. "There's some people has no heart for the dying," she added, taking a rosary from under the pillow and winding it between Mr. Cabinteely's fingers.

"You'd better be going," Esther said to Mrs. Greenway, without turning round. The squabbling jarred on her nerves. She felt desperately sick. Was it because of the awful loneliness of the living as well as of the dying that she felt ill or was it only the sickly scent of the syringas that made her want to vomit? She pulled herself together and closed the window, shutting out the sweet smell from the shrub. Mrs. Greenway pulled on a witch-like hat, saying: "You'll be all right, Mr. Cabinteely. Father Hannan will be here soon. I'll go as fast as my legs will take me." She went out, ignoring the other women, her old stockings hanging loosely round her ankles.

"I'm beginning to think that he can't have as much money as we thought, or that brother of his would have been here by now," Mrs. Thin said under her breath to Esther. "Anyhow, it must have been true about that white bird."

"We'll miss him," Esther said. "He never said much, but you couldn't help growing fond of him. I wonder if that char wheedled anything out of him."

"You can take it from me that the woman is just a talker. If she did her work as well as she talks she'd be all right. Why it's little more than a month since she came here," said Mrs. Thin, keeping her voice lowered.

"It seems to me that she doesn't talk as much as she might," Esther replied. "I am sure she knows more about him than we do. But she hardly ever says anything worth saying."



Mrs. Thin glowered round the room. "Look at the dust," she said. "There is dust all over the house. She's always talking about something. Politics before Mr. Cabinteely was taken ill. A nice sort of politician, I must say."

Esther's sickness had passed. The eternal little war against the living had absorbed her interest. She sat almost complacent in her chair with her plump wrists crossed on her lap. Mrs. Thin lapsed into silence, rehearsing to herself the story she would have to tell the neighbours.

A white froth had begun to flow from Mr. Cabinteely's mouth, but some moments passed before it was noticed by the women. Esther was the first to see it. "Look," she said, "what's that coming from his mouth?" Both women rose quickly from their chairs. Esther went down on her knees beside the old man, and Mrs. Thin stood, gaunt and formidable, on the other side, the black band expanding and shrinking with the movement of her throat. "He's sinking fast," said Mrs. Thin for the second time, speaking as though the sun were going down in the west. "What a great, big man he is."

"If only, oh, if only his brother had come in time," Esther said through her tears. Something told her that this was the end. She wiped his mouth clean with her small feminine handkerchief. "How beautiful he looks," she said. "What a grand old man."

Mrs. Thin had also begun to weep. "Just listen to the birds singing outside," said Esther. "Perhaps they always sing best early in the morning because most people die then."

"Perhaps that is why most people die then," Mrs. Thin said, almost to herself.

It was not the first time that the women had watched a man going through the last struggle to find his breath.

"Lift him up a little," Mrs. Thin said. "It will be easier for him." Esther lifted him with all the strength in her plump wrists, resting the great iron grey head against her bosom. The old man fought as though he had swallowed his tongue; but as feebly as a moth enclosed in the palm of a man's hand. Then the struggle subsided and Esther could not tell whether he was alive or dead. "I can't hold him any longer," she said, panic-stricken with fear that she might end his life by letting his head fall back on the pillow. In a moment Mrs. Thin had caught Mr. Cabinteely from Esther's arms, holding him with unexpected strength. Then she lowered him gently to the ground.

Soon Mrs. Greenway returned with Father Hannan. The

doctor had been called out to a case some miles away ; but as Mrs. Thin said, nothing more could be done now. The priest lighted the candles by the bed and asked to be left alone in the room.

"He looks fairly satisfied," Mrs. Thin remarked to Esther in the kitchen. "I expect he got what he wanted."

"Those candles make me sick," said Esther.

"You ladies will be wanting a cup of tea," Mrs. Greenway said, coming into the kitchen. She wanted to hear how Mr. Cabinteely had died. "Did he go out peaceful like?" she asked as she set out the cups on the table.

"Yes. He went out easier than most people." Esther wiped away a tear. "He died in my arms," she added.

"No, he didn't. He died in my arms," said Mrs. Thin.

"How can you say that?" Esther flared up. "You know perfectly well that I held him at the last. He had passed over before you took him."

"Then why did you . . ." Mrs. Thin broke off abruptly. "There's someone upstairs," she said. "I can hear whoever it is talking to that priest. Go and see who it is," she said to Mrs. Greenway.

"Perhaps the brother has arrived," Esther remarked. "I suppose we shall have to put him up for the night. "Why, of course," Mrs. Thin answered. "I shall be interested to hear some more about Mr. Cabinteely. I should imagine that he had rather gone down in the world. I always thought there was something rather queer about him."

"Let's leave the dead alone," said Esther. "Whatever he was, he was a grand old man."

"I never said he wasn't," Mrs. Thin retorted angrily.

The daily help came back to the kitchen with a curious smile on her face. "There's an old man upstairs who says he is Mr. Cabinteely's brother," she said.

"What's he like?" Mrs. Thin and Esther asked together. "Well, he looks just like Mr. Cabinteely. He's a great big man and dreadful cut up like," Mrs. Greenway answered. "But he's dressed all in rags. Not a tie even! Maybe he is one of them artist folk—but I should say he walks the roads."

"Well, that's that," said Mrs. Thin, drawing into her shell. Afterwards the question as to which lady held Mr. Cabinteely at the last was never again raised.

# LETTER OF THE MONTH

## A PLEA FOR THE TEACHING OF CIVICS

THE greatness of a State lies not in its possessions or material wealth, but in the worth and integrity of its sons. We, in the Saorstát, neither have nor seek the problems of Empire, though we have long had spiritual influence beyond the limits of our shores. It is not the business of this article to throw bouquets at the national character, but rather to submit it to a salutary shower-bath to awaken it from too much dreams. We are too prone to hug to our bosoms the comforting thought that we are not like the rest of men—more intelligent, more imaginative, more courageous, more sensitive, more critical, more loyal—attributing to ourselves all manner of contradictory distinctions, according to our different moods. But the time has come when we can play Narcissus no longer ; when we must cease searching for compliments inwardly in our own souls.

Generations of Irishmen have prepared the way and made straight the path that we must tread now with the firm steps of freemen, with clarity of vision about our journey, and our journey's end. It must not be said of Irishmen that they knew how to fight like heroes for a freedom which they did not know how to use ; that they knew how to die with gallantly, but to live with dignity was beyond their scope ; that they could be great soldiers in their own cause or in any cause, but that good citizenship they could never practise, for the simple reason that, outside a passport or the French Revolution, they did not know that a citizen could exist.

It is time this condition of things was altered. Nations with centuries of freedom behind them now realise that the science of citizenship must not be left to be haphazardly acquired in afterlife, but have begun to teach it as a serious subject in their schools. Is our need for such instruction not greater still ? Beginning our life as a free country, of what use is our independence if we turn out our school-children, gorged with a history of melancholy failures, with a predilection for lost causes, and with eyes in the back of their heads ? For State-building is not merely a matter of flag-waving, electioneering, and speaking Irish. It is not nearly so simple as that. Having driven out one devil, we must be careful that seven more do not replace the first—and the Beelzebub of these is surely



ignorance of our daily business as a State and as a citizen, and of how their mutual efforts contribute to the betterment of both.

Having got rid of the foreigner who believed in feathering his own nest at our expense, we expect our own government, in all decency, to be a goose laying an endless succession of golden eggs. We look to it for our daily bread, and, if we can manage to scrounge free milk and meat into the bargain, we are so much the better pleased. Ask any of those who enjoy these benefits who pays for them. They don't know. And if you think, as a tax and rate-payer, that somebody might tell them where exactly *you* come in, and where exactly *they* get off—why not agitate for Civics as a school subject? Let there be light!

For in all fairness we cannot blame the youngsters. If no one ever tells them these things, we cannot really expect them to be inspired. And we cannot honestly argue that a little enlightenment on the subject would be above their heads. We consider them numbskulls if they fail to traverse the Bridge of Asses, but it never occurs to us to explain to them what takes place across the Butt Bridge in the lordly building we call the Custom House, and there dismiss. We expect them to grasp intelligently—and the majority of them do—the intricacies of Roman wars, Republics, and Triumvirates, the growth of the English Cabinet System, and the evolution of Parliamentary Reform. We teach them all about the struggle for manhood suffrage, but we do not teach them what it means to exercise it—that being courted by politicians and posting a vote in the ballot-box is not the be-all and end-all of enfranchisement.

How many children, enamoured of grand words and genuinely curious about the workings of an adult world, have baffled their elders with too intelligent questions:—"What is the Executive Council?" "What is the Corporation?" "What is the meaning of the Department of External Affairs?" In the majority of cases what happens? An embarrassing moment for the parent is dismissed by an outburst of unrighteous anger or amusement and the child is sent about his business or told to learn his lessons. Since the father will not tell the child, for the simple reason that he cannot, why should the lessons not tell then? Could we not spare one hour a week from parsing and analysis, trigonometry and intransitive verbs, dead languages, dead poets and dead politicians, to teach the kids something about what is happening *now*—happening through the efforts of living men they know intimately or by sight, in buildings they can see or visit—changes for their benefit and in their interest happening daily under their very nose?

We give them free milk, free education, free playgrounds, free dinners, and we wonder why we don't make better men and women of them—willing at some period to shoulder their own burdens and let the unfortunate middle-classes put a little butter on their own bread. It is not that we expect them to fawn on the hand that gives them these opportunities, but we do expect them to acknowledge that some hands must work to provide them and pay for them ; to know that the Government is not a Santa Claus producing goodies by a conjuring trick, or paying for them out of some hidden treasure accessible only to the Corporation and the Dail. Let us tell the children the plain unromantic truth about government—that it is a business run for the benefit of all the State's citizens for which the citizens pay. If they will, in the future, contribute nothing to the national Exchequer, at least they can contribute to the Consolidated Fund of the nation's energy and progress, growing up perhaps into a generation of workmen who will recognise what it has not entered into the heart of this one to conceive—that the interests of employer and employed are identical, and that an epidemic of strikes is no panacea for individual wrongs.

"But," you may ask, "how are we to approach the subject or where are we to begin?" Begin with the Local Government end of it and explain the purpose of their own Local Authority. Dublin children will be amazed to learn that their familiar "Alfie" has any more strenuous obligations than to shake hands with everybody and wear a gold chain! The serious side of the picture will do them the world of good. It will not have struck them before that grown-up men and women, sure of three meals a day, with nothing material to gain for themselves, are labouring daily in their interest—that their childhood may be happier and their adult life more secure. Surely if the children knew this they would experience a sense of pleasure, transcending anything they ever knew from a full stomach—the pleasure of *belonging* outside the boundaries of their own family, the spiritual wonder that we all feel in the presence of those who try to uplift the world, and the determination we all make to give them a helping hand.

The age, at which this type of instruction might be safely started, is debatable, but I think the duties of the Corporation or Local Council could be explained to them, in a very simple fashion, about the age of twelve. Even the visits to the school of the medical and dental officials might then take on a new significance ; and a great deal of local enthusiasm would be aroused before the wider scope of Central Government

approached. At this stage, a series of really good radio talks could be introduced, and for country children, a film of the different State personalities, buildings and procedures, connected with the various Departments, would help enormously, but in Dublin, personally conducted visits would be more useful still. For the whole aim and object of Civics, if it is to be taught with any success, must be *contact with reality*—no Dead Sea fruit that turns to ashes in the mouth, but a knowledge with the juice of life running from it, a draught of living water that quenches the thirst for truth.

Of course it will be argued that the programme is too ambitious—that no school-children can be expected to grasp a subject that has already baffled their betters. There are two things it pleases us to underestimate—the realism and intelligence of a child. The less we make of these two qualities the more omniscient we can feel ourselves. We forget that, according to experts, the Intelligence Quotient never exceeds the mental age of sixteen. How much intellectual promise we ourselves showed as adolescents, which for want of proper adult direction we never managed to fulfil! A dead educational system moldered us with facts that no longer mattered—burying our heads, like ostriches, in the sands of time long past, and then turned us out eventually, blinking and myopic, to face the strong light of a world we never knew.

Are we going to perpetuate that system? Shall it be said of us that we came into our heritage having learned nothing and forgotten nothing since the days when we were hirelings? Let the new generation have a new and better slant on things! Don't let us teach them all about Grattan's Parliament and forget to mention our own. Don't let them run away with the idea that all the decent men and women of Ireland are dead and buried in Glasnevin, that they all fought losing battles, that Irish history is all over bar the *caoining*, and there's nothing more to be done. Why, there never was anything to be done till nowadays, except nurse our grievances from one rebellion till another, and then get hanged or shot or beheaded, while the rest of the country relapsed into smouldering hate. Now we have to learn that men prove their patriotism not only in the hours of great national crises, but in the routine of living and corporate effort—in sowing and winnowing the harvests of peace.

Let us try, as a new experiment, to produce a nation, not of soldiers, but of citizens, who know they have a job to do and are not afraid to roll up their sleeves. It won't be very



spectacular or amusing, but it is time we had tired of being the Funny Man of two Continents; and when we try to be spectacular we often end by being ludicrous. Let's start setting our own house in order, and let the schoolmasters see to it that the generation which comes after us starts without the handicap of our own wasted years. Let the dead bury their dead! All honour to them—but, more than all, this honour—that we may be worthy of the citizenship they have earned for us. Let us face the future with a new philosophy—"that efficiency, tempered with a charitable outlook, is a higher form of patriotism than to lay down one's life for one's country."

It is at least as great a patriotism, and it is the type our country needs.

A. TREANOR

## ART

### THE STATUE AND THE BUST

IN a more leisured age than ours it was the custom for men, sunk in the appalling ignorance of their period, to embellish the streets and squares of their cities with statues and monuments. The quaint custom had a twofold object, and the childish purpose of these extravagances was not only to salute the virtues of some worthy citizen and express a pride in his achievements, but also to enhance the beauty or mitigate the ugliness of the surroundings. We have outgrown this nonsense and know that nothing which interferes with the speed of traffic can be beautiful, but there are still a few praisers of times past, neo-druids, impractical dreamers and rainbow-chasers, who would not hesitate to throw a spanner into the wheels of progress, and are so insensible of the advantages of rapid transport that they would think very little of that foul crime which is stigmatised as an effort to put back the hands of the clock.

These intransigents may be gratified to hear an echo of the faint rumour that Dublin is to become the possessor of a duplicate of Mr. Jerome Connor's statue of Robert Emmet in the Hall of Fame at Washington. Rumour, on being pressed, could not divulge whether the statue was to be the spontaneous gift of the American people or was to be solicited and paid for from this side of the Atlantic. As a gift from America it would be overwhelming, but even more gratifying would be the knowledge that some authority here, governmental or municipal, was capable of originating the idea.

There is nothing like this statue anywhere in Ireland, that is, nothing which unites a subject of such national importance with the same degree of artistic achievement. It has the additional value of being as faithful as a posthumous portrait can be. Mr. Connor has a photograph of the statue endorsed by the late Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet with the opinion that it is the most authentic portrait of his illustrious kinsman. In reconstructing the head Mr. Connor made use of the death-mask and the Comerford drawing taken at the trial. He found, when he enlarged the Comerford drawing to the size of the cast from the mask that it coincided almost exactly with a profile photograph of Dr. T. A. Emmet, who was then alive. The death mask gave the artist the bones of the face, but the muscles and soft tissues are not only altered by ordinary post-mortem change but are distorted by the manner of Emmet's death, and had to be reconstructed. It is doubtful if it could have been better done, and the head of the statue bears a striking likeness to the authentic drawing of Emmet as a young man, which has been presented by Sir Edward Hudson Kinahan, Bart., to the National Library, and which Mr. Connor never saw.

No one can look at even the photograph of this noble work without feeling that it has captured the very spirit of Emmet. Bronze seems to be a medium suited to express the less subtle emotions; but there is a leashed intensity in this figure which accords with the historical character of the subject. It gives the impression of starting forward with one half-clenched hand outstretched in a passionate gesture of appeal and it is instinct with all those qualities of eager heroism associated with the memory of the "darling of Erin." The statue is

over life size, about seven feet and has already been duplicated at the instance of an Irish-American. During his tour of the United States, President de Valera unveiled the copy in a Western State in the presence of an immense gathering of sympathisers.

Let us pray that the rumour is firmly rooted in truth, but even if it is not it should be encouraged. Wish-thinking, sufficiently determined and sufficiently vocal, is sometimes translated into fact.

It is a coincidence that Mr. Albert Power, R.H.A., is at present engaged on another memorial to the same patriot. It is to be a more modest affair, which is to be incorporated in the rebuilt Emmet Bridge, formerly Clanbrassil Bridge, in Harold's Cross, a few yards from the spot where Emmet was captured, and it has been commissioned by the local battalion of the Old I.R.A. The memorial is to take the form of a bronze relief inset in limestone, and Mr. Power is making use of the portrait recently brought to light in his reconstruction of the head. He has already been highly successful in similar undertakings, notably the bust of Blessed Oliver Plunkett and the Memorial to the late Pádraig Ó Conaire in Eyre Square, Galway, a seated figure, which is so perfect a likeness of that strange character that it is hard to believe it was not executed from the living model. Mr. Power is particularly happy in portraiture. His famous marble of Terence MacSwiney was executed from a small piece of plasticine held in the artist's palm at MacSwiney's bed-side in Brixton Jail. His masterpiece in this branch of his art, however, is probably the magnificent head of Dr. Mannix, which is now in Melbourne, and which was finished in a single four-hour sitting in London.

Whether these stirrings are patriotic or artistic it would be hard to say, and perhaps the combination of the two stimuli is more than a mere happy chance.

JOHN DOWLING

### COMING EXHIBITIONS

The Waddington Galleries are featuring Frank McKelvey's first one-man show in Dublin from October 25th to November 6th. His work is already well-known and popular here. From a very hurried glance at the show in process of preparation, I brought away an impression of a wide range of landscapes treated with McKelvey's individual delicacy of feeling.

On November 8th, Sean Keating will open a one-man show, of oils and drawings, also at the Waddington Galleries. The oils are the fruit of this past summer's work on the Aran islands. Some I have seen are grand pieces of painting, fine and full-blooded, rich with the changing qualities of the Aran sky and sea, rock and sand.

The Waddington Galleries will have opened further premises in Nassau Street by the time this goes to press. Some twenty oils by G. Rikard Schjelderup will be on view there for some time. Schjelderup is the son of a Norwegian composer of opera, studied at the Munich School, travelled widely in Germany, England, France, in Australia and the Pacific. He has done a considerable amount of work in connection with the Theatre and this influence is strong in his work—a decorative use of colour, strong rhythms, always combined with a delightful freshness and spontaneity. This new project should help to widen our horizons a bit.

E. S.



# MUSIC

## A SYMPHONY CONCERT AND OTHER MATTERS

I had intended devoting this article to the discussion of certain matters concerning Ballet; this can wait, and, perhaps, a better purpose may be served by a consideration of the Symphony Concert sponsored by the Free State Broadcasting Authorities in the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, some weeks ago. I have said and written so many things uncomplimentary about our Broadcasting Service that I think it but bare justice to mete out praise when such praise is due; and, again, there are many pertinent matters that deserve mention, and that have no place in a purely musical critique.

It is only those having experience of the details of concert organising who can fully appreciate the debt due to Dr. Kiernan, the Director of Broadcasting. Under the present system of organisation, his post is a sufficiently arduous one, if even routine perfection is to be achieved; yet he has gone out of his way, shouldered irritating obligations and a heavy responsibility in promoting these "outside" symphony concerts. Doubtless, for his pains, he is prepared to receive the invariable "more kicks than ha'pence"; but, as I have said, it is only mere justice to acknowledge our obligations to him, as at least one bureaucrat (without offence) who does not consider his functions in society fulfilled amply by his receipt of his salary. Should he come to an untimely end as the result of his efforts for cultural advancement, he will, of course, be given an elegant funera by the mob—meanwhile, he will have to be content with "casting his bread upon the waters."

This symphony concert, as a whole, was not as satisfying as the first of the series—some months ago, which was not the result of the programme selected, as the music played was, if anything, of greater interest than that in its predecessor. The general standard of the orchestral playing was lower than on the former occasion. Two explanations come to mind: one, of course, that a fixed high standard can be achieved only by an established combination (one faulty cog, however unimportant, being sufficient to wreck the delicately balanced machine); the other, that the placing of the orchestra was not all that could be desired—such placing being due to the eruption of a monstrous grand piano in the bosom, in the very vitals, of the combination. To quote Mr. Weller, I could have seen it "furder first." (The mention of this matter brings to mind naturally the eternal question of the provision of a concert hall for the Metropolis. Whatever else may be said about the theatre, the Gaiety is almost perfect acoustically, and I sometimes think it might be almost better to leave things as they are, rather than run the risk of adding to Dublin's impedimenta another building suitable only to deaf mutes—even if called a "concert hall"). However, the result of this intrusion, was that the woodwind were so far up-stage that at times they might as well have been disporting themselves by the banks of the "Blue Lagoon—not yet," for all we could hear of them. The band was too scattered in its placing for good ensemble to result.

The overture was "The Meistersingers." These latter amiable gentlemen walked somewhat more heavily on their heels than usual; one does not expect sprightliness from them but on this occasion they seemed to be making their appearance after a particularly heavy dinner. Pitch and precision were both good, and in the finale the tympanist refrained from giving us the suggestion that we were assisting at a twelfth of July celebration.

The Symphony was Dvorak's "New World." The performance was workman-like, in that sense of rather forthright matter-of-fact statement, and the tempi all through were much too rigid to allow the proper lyrical fluidity to manifest. There were irritating flaws too—for instance, the high D of the third horn, about eighty bars down the opening allegro, which sounded off the beat and double forte instead of on the beat and pianissimo, the insecure wind pitch in certain sections of the Largo—and, oh! oh! that fiddle passage—p., pp., ppp.—some thirteen bars before the end of the Largo. It sounded like a musical equivalent of the once famous Iron-Ring at Bilbao. (I will be forced to sponsor a society to aid distressed violinists purchase silk E strings). There were some real war-whoops off these steel E strings on some high B flats, etc. Dare I mention the last two chords for *divisi bassi* in the Largo? They died unnatural deaths. I am not stressing niggling details, but giving examples of flaws that, as I say, were irritating. Once again, the performance was workman-like and even with its faults it was a living thing, not an emasculated tin whine from the loud-speaker of a wireless-set. Balance was not too good at times, the bass lines being rather weak, and the wood-wind often ineffective, owing to its position. The conductor, Mr. Frank Bridge, played, I think, for safety, and rightly so, with a strange orchestra in a strange theatre.

The orchestra also gave us Delius's "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring"; they hardly achieved the necessary transparency in texture, or the necessary rhythmic tenuousness, but the performance was, nevertheless, enjoyable. The orchestral programme was, perhaps, too varied from certain points of view; but we had certain very interesting lessons in the development of orchestral writing—from Handel's contrapuntal solidity to the gossamer of Delius.

The solo pianist for the occasion was Angus Morrison. I do not think we heard the best of this pianist. Owing to the exigencies of space, etc., the lid had to be removed from the piano and, the instrument being somewhat up-stage, the men in the "flies," doubtless, got the benefit of the tonal resonance we, in the audience, lost. (If possible, I would suggest that the orchestra on this stage should be accommodated with a "box-set," thus preventing much tone being trapped by the proscenium arch, etc.). The Concerto—Mozart in D minor—was hardly a success—only in the last movement did it flare up into life. The quality of the orchestral accompaniment in the second and third movements distracted me somewhat, I fear, from the solo performance. The

pianist's best number was, I thought, Debussy's "*Reflets dans l'eau*." Had the piano given off more resonance, one might have preferred the Brahms' Rhapsody in E flat.

The singer was George Walsh. He opened his programme with Handel's "Arm, arm, ye brave." The note of exultation was absent, unfortunately, and the orchestra seemed to be somewhat drowsy after the "*Meistersingers*." I noticed that the leader did not succumb to the orchestral somnolence—fortunately. The singer's next offering was the magnificent "High-Priest's aria" from the "*Magic Flute*"—a good performance, well in tune, rich in tone, with excellent diction. His next song was "Father O'Flynn!" Dare I suggest that 'His Rivirance' cut a very poor figure beside his esteemed predecessor? I am not sure that this Fr. O'Flynn was ever alive; but I would be much relieved to know that he was permanently dead. I would be glad if Dr. Kiernan were to insist on the death penalty for any vocalist rattling the venerable bones of this esteemed cleric. (Am I mistaken, or did I hear a certain word pronounced "*Shláinte*"?) The singer's second group was a serious error, not worthy of any place on such a programme. By the way, where the vocalist is Irish, may we not have at least one song in Irish? Every effort should be made to get the best of our own songs back into circulation—and trained vocalists must be the instruments for this propagation.

Anyhow, here is a problem for our native psycho-analysts. The same audience that applauded Delius, gave unstinted applause to this second group of songs. I heard one man's biped laugh—positively laugh—at Father O'Flynn. He may, of course, have been mentally deficient, and were I sufficiently apt at phrenology, I might have reached a decision on the point; unfortunately, my intentions towards him precluded anything like a scientific approach. But surely the entire audience could not be catalogued as M.D's. The psycho-analysts may, perhaps, sort the matter out.

I do hope that the thought of the small audience present will not be a deterrent in having the new policy of public symphony concerts pursued. The primary need is the education of the people, the ultimate aim their appreciation of and participation in music making. And I think it is in this matter of education that the Broadcasting Authorities can help themselves. I have not counted up the number of gramophone recitals each week, but it is certainly considerable. At present no attention seems to be paid to their educational possibilities, the general standard of the music selected being rather deplorable. Why not impress these recitals for the benefit of the symphony concerts? That does not mean that we want the Largo of the "*New World*," for instance, at breakfast, dinner and tea; we do not. But at least half the available time should be reserved for music of quality, and the programmes planned should have a bearing upon the next symphony concert. Again, such educational preparation must commence much earlier than, say, a week in advance of the public performance. The recitals should be properly capped, always being accompanied by a cultured commentary. I am now not thinking



so much of a technical analysis of the compositions played as the creation of an interest in the composer, the circumstances of composition, etc. Those of us who require technical analysis can readily help ourselves, and the aim of any education scheme is not, as a rule, concerned with the "converted." If these public concerts are to continue, the promoters must be prepared for a wearying struggle and cannot afford to overlook any ally in the fight, however unimportant.

Finally, I should like to remark upon the number of people who were unaware of the occurrence of the concert. Some better scheme of advertising will have to be employed and, above all, the concerts should occur regularly; I mean upon the first Sunday, say, of the month, or any other Sunday, provided the concerts are staged upon a regularly recurrent day.

EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAIR

I note that the Dublin Operatic Society are presenting a week of Opera in the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin—the week commencing November the 29th. The guest artists will be Miss Norah Gruhn, a well-known German soprano; Mr. Eric Starling, a young English tenor, who made his début in Glyndebourne this year; Messrs. Francis Russell, Leslie Jones, and Ben Williams. The Irish artists will be Miss May Devitt, Mr. John Lynskey; and we are to have an Irish "Carmen." Miss Patricia Black has been studying in London for the role. The producer will be Mr. Sidney Russell (late of the New York Metropolitan), and the guest conductors, Mr. Arthur Hammond and Dr. Vincent O'Brien. The orchestra will be the Irish Radio Orchestra (a further most welcome sign of life in our Broadcasting service), augmented to suit operatic requirements. Productions will be "Bohème," "Carmen," and "The Daughter of the Regiment."

E. Ó G.

# THEATRE

## THEATRE CRAFT—III. (16-21) : EMPATHY (CONTD.)

*N.B.—Bracketed numbers refer to relevant paragraphs in this or other issues.*

16. Empathy is a purely sensuous reaction, non-emotional, non-intellectual, of the physical order only. But it is highly important, because so primitive, so close to the roots of our natures. An artist who generates clashing or painful empathies is doomed. The importance of empathy is clear when we realise that it is the only basis for appreciation, the only *satisfaction*, in most modern art, and therefore, the factor of stage value in stage decor which is intended to be more than mere indication of place (and often even then). Correlation of typical modernist works shows this . . . say the "Abstracts" of Joan Miro, where a line wanders with a peculiar life of its own across a varying field of tints (there is here absolutely no hint of emotional or intellectual content, yet I personally find intense satisfaction and not a little drama in that line, due to the succession of subtly varied empathies resulting from the variations in width and shape of the line and in its relation to the tinted area adjacent); the geometrical abstracts of Baumeister, Kandinsky, and at home, of Kernoff; the line patterns of Picasso and Leger; the still lifes of Braque; the rectangular block patterns of Theo von Diesinger; the architecture of Mies van der Rohe, of J. J. P. Oud or of the average American skyscraper; all these are simplifications, a sophisticated arrival at naivete, based on instinctive laws of harmony and proportion which in turn depend for value on their satisfaction of empathy. Regard for empathy and for the resulting rhythms of reaction in the spectator will help to produce sets which will not clash with the run of the play in question and such study of abstracts will help in developing this regard.

17. It is empathy again that gives us that distinct pleasure in engineering structures (not to be confused with "functionalism" which derives from "fitness for purpose"), which results from an intuitive feeling of the poised mutual support of the compression and tension members in a lattice steel construction; of the pleasure in a "graceful" arch, its "lightness," its "daintiness" . . . in fact in these hackneyed epithets can be seen the personal identification of the speaker with the thing seen . . . though it does not move, its flowing curves and delicate proportions cause empathies similar to those experienced on watching graceful movement and easy soaring from the ground, with finally a humanised memory-association, suggested by all this, of the daintiness of a lightly moving, well-shaped person.

18. It is also the basis of most of the rules of composition, of harmonious repetition and of colour-harmony in design—due respectively to the desire for easiest grasp of a subject, secondly the anticipation of similar pleasure from a repeated experience of the same kind and thirdly to the physical relief of momentary rest for the colour-fatigued retinal sightcones, which it seems likeliest respond most easily, during the fatigue caused by prolonged study of a

colour, to its complementary. Empathy accordingly is a basic factor in design and in appreciation and is quite naive as pure appreciation. It is therefore true to say that modern sophistication in art consists in being most childlike.

19. Again take montage in still photography and in films. In photography, as used for photomurals, illustrations or bookcovers, montage has no empathic appeal at all, nor is this aimed at . . . the arbitrary arrangement of fragmentary images is fixed by association of ideas merely; in film, however, montage (rapid rhythmic sequences of images, often not logically related in content) works mainly through empathy, especially as used by Eisenstein (Pudovkin's montage, mainly based on *sympathy* of image-content, is more lyrical, human, in effect). A recent case, fresh for most readers, is the earthquake sequence in *San Francisco* (Homberg's cutting): anyone seeing this must have experienced, as I did, a personal sense of twisting, spiral, accelerating fall when the statue is shown crashing on the cart below—the whole sequence of images conveyed this, culminating in an extraordinary sensation of slowing-up when the cartwheel spins, wobbles and falls flat to the ground. These images took possession of the mind, one moved "inside oneself" with them . . . a case of vivid empathy. An example of very unpleasant empathy occurred in the same film, as the priest and the hero approach the refugee camp and are passing the guards . . . the long travelling shot here over rough ground results in camera shake that is most uncomfortable—one feels shaken, bumped about, unable to focus attention properly.

20. Empathy in the theatre appears in three ways, broadly speaking—(a) immediate audience reaction to a player's own personality; (b) the participation (10 and 12) of the audience in the spectacle on stage by personal association, in fact, by "feeling into" it, and (c) a derivative of the last, the alignment of everything on stage, animate and inanimate, actors, costumes, furniture, sets, lighting, speech, movement, grouping and posing and incidental music, so that the empathies from the rhythms of the line, colour, mass or movement of each do not clash with the rest. The significance of the examples already given (14–19) will now be clear. This "feeling into" process, automatic in the spectator, must be (and always is—instinctively) allowed for by those aiming at "getting over." Before the spectator's mind can consciously begin to appraise and sympathise, his subconscious requirements, his empathic habits, must be satisfied. When an artist achieves this, we commonly speak of his "national characteristics," his "charm of manner," his "stage presence," thereby defining various empathic reactions.

21. I think it is now clear what empathy is and I will conclude this specific account of it by suggesting, as proof of its importance in the theatre, that it is at the root of "stage presence," personality, type-casting, grouping, pointing of lines, effective posing, "master gesture," etc.; while the dramatist should consider it in, say, deciding the main lines on which his characters develop, especially as to mentality, and also in his dialogue, since lines that are weak, clumsy or ineffective to speak (apart altogether from their context)



will produce antagonistic reactions. These are only a few examples. But, above all, a sensitiveness to empathy, in other words, an unhampered response to it, is vital in the new art of the Theatre, in promoting subtle, well-modulated, coherent work from all concerned, and this is only to be achieved by self-culture, since *conscious* regard for empathy will merely result in mechanical, non-spontaneous work. It is a matter of preparation beforehand. And now we come to the point where the audience sits up and takes notice—where they *sympathise*.

(*To be continued.*)

**ABBAY**—(Producer, Hugh Hunt ; designer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch). Louis Dalton's *The Man in the Cloak*, a first production, was a strange affair. The handling of Act 2, an expressionistic flashback sequence of short scenes, was generally so very good, the other two acts were so appallingly prosy and dragging. The whole treatment of Clarence Mangan lacked real depth, and no person with stage sense would make a hero of a whining wastrel (empathy again—16 and 20)—no actor could hold an audience with it, nor had he a chance to enrich the part himself, he had no scope, since the author kept him whining. Anyway, it is not fair to Mangan. Personally, I don't give a hoot—aye, or two hoots—whether the lad wore a cloak at all or was a dopefiend or drank himself blind. What I do want to see depicted is what I *know*—that he wrote humorous "verse" by the yard, not to mention several poems of marvellous sweep and power, in spite of his life. This author gave us the shell of the man and merely one facet of his mind—no man like this could write Mangan's "verse," he *might* have written his poems. As a whole, it was a middling production, sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow, while most of the acting was very nearly amateurish—hammering of "funny lines," grotesque portrayal of lumbago (or was it incipient infantile paralysis?), nearly everybody relying on a few stock poses and novements to liven up parrot-like speaking. Some old reliables let me down, others did a good best. Cyril Cusack's Mangan was a gallant effort ; it at least was consistent throughout and he *did* get his final speech, the only one worth anything. Shela Ward's Cis Carmody was also a good piece of conscientious work, though rather jarringly high-pitched, while Josephine Fitzgerald and Seumas Healy were, alike, very good as themselves—which was all they had to be. Shelah Richards was suitably pathetic without signs of undue effort in her few minutes on the stage. But the settings were the highlight of this show, especially the multiple set for Act 2. There were so many short scenes in this I lost count ; but the setting coped with them all. Backing and cutcloth were both fine in themselves and ingeniously used.

**GATE**—(Producer, Hilton Edwards ; designer, Michael MacLiammoir). Here *Victoria* had to be put off the stage after again claiming pre-'22 Dublin's attention for quite a while. It is plain from these excerpts from *The Golden Sovereign* that Housman was more critical and realist in attitude than I had previously thought. But, on the whole, there is little of permanent value in the scenes presented except that the Parnell episode disposes finally of this recurrent annoyance to theatregoers, since any other playwright can now only repeat Housman if he is good and make a fool of himself if he does not, for Housman here gives the essential spirit of Parnell and of Kitty's relation

(*continued on page 75*)

# FILM

## THE POSITION OF THE CINEMA IN IRELAND II

With the coming of the film entertainment the need for the institution of the Cinema Palace was felt, so in Pittsburg Harry Davis opens his Nickelodeon in 1905 with the "Great Train Robbery." This institution spread rapidly and the demand for films led to the establishment of studios. France, which in 1902 produced Melies trick film, "Trip to the Moon," had almost a monopoly of film production at this time, and the names of Pathe and Gaumont are no doubt familiar. The subjects treated were mainly theatrical and consisted of photographed plays with Comedie Francaise players. In America the rise of stars—Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, The Talmadges and Charles Ray—caught the imagination of the public. D. W. Griffiths with his "Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" was able to challenge the Italian spectacle of "Cabiria" and "Quo Vadis." It may be of interest to note here that in 1914, however, 90 per cent. of the world's films were made in France. In 1928 at the end of the silent film era 85 per cent. of the films shown were American.

It was from such beginnings that the film developed and in that universal expansion it embraced this little island of ours. The movies came to Dublin.

The cinema having come to stay, the studios were kept busy turning out films to meet the demand. While shrewd businessmen were keeping things going in the front lines—enticing the public to the films, interesting that public in the personality of the stars and generally making it film-conscious—behind the trenches the American producers were building up the legend of Hollywood, land of Valentino, Negri and Swanson.

But while the general background of the cinema was bound up in the modern commercial racket, some men realised the artistic possibilities of the film. Here Europe led. While we must not forget the debt due to Griffith, Chaplin, Stroheim and King, it is with the Germans and Russians that any sincere attempt to bring the Cinema to the service of Beauty will be associated.

At this stage I must depart from the role of detached historian and become rather personal.

My film-going experience commenced way back in 1915, and up to 1927 was confined to the local cinema of an Irish provincial town. Accordingly the films I saw may be taken as rather typical of the fare provided all over the country at that time. My first film was, I believe, the premiere at our cinema—"The Sign of the Cross," a no doubt edifying film, but I'm afraid I wasn't edified but rather scared by the lions. I still have a kind of impression of that film as a thing of vast proportions and its intimacy brought those lions much too close for my comfort. Between then and 1926 I visited only a small handful of films. And then in 1926 I became a regular film-goer almost. At first I patronised historicals. Pictures like "Yolanda," "The Beautiful Rebel"—the Marion Davies-Joseph Urban films. "Under the Red Robe" and "Miracle of the Wolves." The Fairbanks films, "Robin Hood," "Don Q"

and the charming "Black Pirate." Pola Negri's "Crown of Lies," Ingram's "Scaramouche," which in association with Canon Sheehan's "Queen's Fillet" made me want to become a revolutionary. These were Hollywood films almost taken at random, and yet if my memory serves me rightly they all had a fresh swinging rhythm and a naive sincerity which is sadly lacking in the hyper-sophisticated product of the modern film-studio. They did not pretend to be what they were not, and one got the impression that their makers must actually have liked making them. An enjoyment shared with the audience.

Two films I saw at this time impressed me to a very great extent—"Siegfried" by Fritz Lang, and "The Atonement of Gosta Berling" by Mauritz Stiller. The former was to arouse my interest in German films and the latter was to remain a pleasant memory of a quality that I have never since seen realised in a film. In the "Gosta Berling" film there was an actress called Greta Garbo who afterwards achieved considerable reputation in Hollywood for wanting to be alone. Also in the caste was Lars Hansen, who played in many films in Germany and America since and who has visited Ireland some years back in order to see the Abbey Theatre. With regard to the film itself there was a mood created which was closely bound up with the scenic background of the plot. The characters of the Selma Lagerlof story were almost heroic in scale and very vividly yet delicately drawn.

The Lang film was a first introduction to a long list of German films which justified my search for them by their clever craftsmanship and imaginative qualities. There were "Faust," "Metropolis," "The Spy" and "At the Edge of the World."

French films there were in plenty too. Jacques Feyder's delightful "Mother" which I saw rouse a children's matinee to loud crying; Duvivier's "Miracle of Lourdes," "Salambo," "The Vow," "Michael Strogoff" and the Italians gave "Helen of Troy" and "Quo Vadis." England gave "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," "The Somme," "Zeebrugge," "The House of Marney" and "The Lodger," and even Ireland gave "Willy Reilly" and "In the Days of St. Patrick." Hollywood, in competition, was giving us Chaplin's "Gold Rush" and "The Circus," Sjostrum's "Scarlet Letter" and "The Wind," Stiller's "Hotel Imperial," Vidor's "La Boheme," King's "Romola" and "Stella Dallas," Lloyd's "Sea Hawk" Lubitsch's "Forbidden Paradise" and Stroheim's "Greed." And as if that were not enough, independent producers were roaming obscure places of the earth in search of material. Robert Flaherty produced "Nanook of the North" and "Moana," and Cooper and Schoedsack returned from the East with "Grass" and "Chang." It will be readily seen that the programme in the cinemas at that time were really representative of the world's pictures and that some very good films were not an uncommon occurrence. If one wished to supplement the list there were "Atlantis" and "Carmen" by Jacques Feyder; "Dubarry" by Lubitsch; "Dr. Mabuse" by Fritz Lang; Murnau's "Last Laugh"; Dupont's "Vaudeville"; Molander's "Sealed Lips"; Griffiths' "Broken Blossoms" and



King's "Tol'able David." At the time of seeing the majority of these films I had read no books on the art of the Cinema, and so had to depend on my own discretion in choice of picture. It would seem that I was exceptionally lucky or else that the standard of the Cinema at that time was much higher than at present.

After a few previous experiments in other houses the talkies arrived in Dublin for a permanent stay when the "Singing Fool" was shown at the Capitol Cinema in April, 1929. The cult spread rapidly and other Cinemas were equipped for sound films and another phenomenon of commercial development was to appear in the form of the super-cinema with seating capacity for 2,800 people, and including a cinema-organ. Hitherto the cinema had been a place where one went to see good pictures. Now, with sound and luxury, the cinema has declined.

LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE

**THEATRE**—continued from page 72

to him and does so with dignity and insight—even granting that it is easy to be wise after the Treaty. Hilton Edwards brought all this out very well in his acting, and the staging was a beautiful example of economy of means. But the scene of this show, a tour-de-force of theatre as compared with play-writing, was the Family Portrait scene—this was *ad lib* production and gagging, with excellent dumbshow acting from everybody, and grotesque posing, while Dublin must have been scoured for the children, who were irresistible, with impish little Peggy Cummins repeating the excellent work of her Boy in Cocteau's *The Infernal Machine*—it was hilarious and gorgeous showmanship. Three players out of a very good team caught my eye especially—Ann Clarke, whose undarkened eyelids spoiled Young Victoria, but whose later scenes were excellent; Michael MacLiammoir's Prince Albert, more good showmanship—beautifully assured matinee-idol stuff; and Evelyn Lund's delightfully comic Mrs. Cuppard—she gave us all she'd got, and did we enjoy it! Tyrrell Pine is an interesting newcomer of real assurance, perhaps too much of it, and I prefer to keep an open mind about him—till next time.

**AN COMHAR DRAMUIOCHTA**—Liam O Briain's awkward translation of Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows* opened the season at the Peacock, Sean O Conchubhair producing. Taken all round, it was a middling show, both in staging, which I was unable to properly complete owing to illness, and especially in acting and teamwork (surely the producer could have done more here?); the only person revealing both insight and ability to get this across in clear-cut speech and movement was Maire Ni Dhubhghain, who, by no means perfect yet, at least has promise. As to the rest, I suspend judgment but, judging by last year, there is little hope. That the house was packed for a week merely suggests that the Gaedhilgeoiri of this town are as lacking in taste as the players and were getting what they wanted. If most of these players are actors, then a tinwhistler outside a pub is a musician—and, funny enough, both expect to get money by it.

Miss Sarah Payne's production of *Doomed Cuchulain*, advertised in this issue, should prove very interesting; it is an attempt to weave into ballet form, Irish motif, dance and music. Mr. Joseph M. Crofts, Mr. George W. Leonard, and Miss Anne Yeats are assisting, with special music, dancing and costumes respectively, and while not the first, it is certainly the most ambitious attempt yet at a definitely Irish Ballet.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

# CORRESPONDENCE

## ARCHITECTURE

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry that Mr. Dowling should visualise me as the Fantastic Functionalist who wears his architectural braces, so to speak, always outside his coat. There is really no reason why a building, any more than a human being, should display its skeleton to the public at all times; but I maintain (with the support of every authority from Corroyer to Corbusier) that a beautiful building must in its general form express the purpose for which it is built and the particular method used in building it, and, furthermore, that such method of construction must be the best and most advanced at the disposal of its designer. Building a half-timbered house to-day, for example, is no more justifiable from an aesthetic and intelligent standpoint than producing a thatch-roofed motor car.

Not one suburban villa in a hundred is designed by an architect. The intrinsic merit of a speculative house is obviously not affected by the particular fashion, Tudor-Bethan, Sun-trap, Saracenic, or Streamline, which is assigned to it for its sale value by the builder. Naturally I am no more a partisan of the gerry-built house à la moderne than Mr. Dowling would be of the same house à la Olde Worlde.

Nor am I a wholehearted partisan of Turner's Cross Church. It is not Irish, nor is it, in my opinion, representative of any coherent contemporary movement. But it does avoid the abominations typical of Dublin churches of the last half century; the dismal permutations of the Pseudo-Hiberno-Romanesque, the class divisions (Pharisees 3d., Publicans, 2d.), the corned-beef columns designed to obstruct the view of worshippers in the aisles, the altars completely and indefensibly un-Rubrical, and the sanctuaries which appear to have as their model the small town paradise of some funebrial stonemason.

There are possibly half a dozen buildings, principally hospitals and schools, scattered through the country, which could be considered as passable examples of contemporary architecture; and in this respect I admit the justice of Mr. Dowling's claim that there is little concrete evidence of the vitality of the modern movement in Ireland. There is, however, overwhelming concrete (or masonry) evidence of the final decay of the pseudo-traditional.

I am glad that Mr. Dowling disclaims any intention of disparaging modern architecture as such. He will realise that at first achievement must necessarily lag behind ideals. I confidently look forward to the day when the art review in your paper will take the form of a eulogy of Gropius or Le Corbusier.

GERALD MCNICHOLL

Esker House,

Upper Rathmines, 14th October, 1937.

## A QUERY

DEAR SIR,

The results of the Census taken in Northern Ireland on 28th February last seem to have been very imperfectly disclosed.

I suggest that this is a matter—the results so far as disclosed and the non-disclosures—which you might see fit to deal with in some shape or way in IRELAND TO-DAY.

I am informed that the numbers of Roman Catholics and Protestants shewn by the Census of 28th February has never been disclosed, but I have not sufficient sources of information to be at all sure whether this is correct.

A SUBSCRIBER

London, 2nd October, 1937.

# BOOK SECTION

## THE IRISH SHELF

### "MUMMY IS BECOME MERCHANDISE"

A VISION. By W. B. Yeats. (Macmillan. 15s.). pp. 305.

"When the trumpet sounded in the sky at Sulla's time the Etruscan sages according to Plutarch, declared the Etruscan cycle of 11,000 years at an end, and that 'another sort of men were coming into the world.'" Syncellus, however, is of the opinion that "a new epoch began when the constellation Aries returned to its original position, and that this was the doctrine of 'Greeks and Egyptians . . . as stated in the *Genetika* of Hermes and in the Cynanic books."

A fabulous book of this sort too often conjures up its own critic. He is, alas, some centuries dead. How Sir Thomas would have harried Dr. Yeats about his Magnus Annus, his phase of *Will* in the Wheel of 26,000 years, or Hipparchus' discovery of precession! A surmise as to what he might have written concerning "lunar water," seems to bring that defunctive nobleman to my very elbow.

The book is beautifully planned and balanced. The opening section, entitled, "A Packet For Ezra Pound," is the purest English since Bacon. Lithe and sinewy, the words are hushed like the reserved and inward singing of the old people. As the book widens out into the "Stories of Michael Robartes and his Friends," the quiet autobiographical note changes slowly and cunningly into a calm delirium. The rollicking little nursery-rhyme of Messrs. Huddon, Duddon, and Daniel O'Leary (the latter, Dr. Yeats tells us in a footnote, rhymes with "dairy," though actually he rhymes with nothing), is horribly uncanny, yet does not lessen the shock of these eerie gentlemen's intrusion upon the narrative in company with a lady called Denise de L'Isle Adam, who shares with the Muses the faculty of renewing virginity with the moon. Those Muses indeed! Resembling "women who creep out at night and give themselves to unknown sailors and return to talk of Chinese porcelain." Porcelain is best made where the conditions of life are hard, says some Japanese critic, or philosopher, or Saint, or Labour Leader . . . for many such haunt these pages. Michael Robartes, who is responsible for this motley crew "between sleeping and waking, or in the morning before they bring him his early cup of tea," disentangling himself from verse, clambers into the narrative with a scrap of autobiography suggesting that he is no better than Daniel O'Leary, who "always had the idea that some day a musician would do him an injury." He, Robartes, has apparently been murdering his goods with some dancer from whom he is finally parted in Vienna where he hires rooms "ostentatious in their sordidness," little guessing that the last tenant, an unfrocked and now gypsy priest, had propped up the bed with a broken chair and a tattered book, entitled, *Speculum Angelorum et Hominum*, Cracow, 1594, with a woodcut of Dr. Yeats, bearded, be-turbaned, and Kabbala-eyed, masquerading under the name of Giraldus, as frontispiece. Unquestionably a literary find . . . but there is also the death-bed consolation of Mr. Bell by Mary Bell: Mr. Bell had devoted his life to reforming cuckoos by inducing them to build nests . . .

These are but harbour waters.

After the verse dialogue known as "The Phases of the Moon," we come to



Book 1 proper, under the title "The Great Wheel," divided again into three. This important section, probably for Dr. Yeats the most important, cannot be dealt with critically for the following reasons:—

(a) There is no critical terminology wherewith to treat of a technical work having no border-line between metaphysics, astrology, history, spiritualism, "school" philosophy, poetry, symbolism, geometry (conic sections) and a great deal of humour. (An unfortunate man whose Guardian Angel is jealous of his sweetheart, is a case in point);

(b) Symbol and Dogma are both modes that invalidate analysis. This whole section might be termed Dogmatic Symbolism, and, as such, either personally valid or invalid *in toto*. In no case can the original and arbitrary symbol be questioned, since we are at no time on common or verifiable ground, as indicated above.

It is none the less interesting to attempt a parallel with modern, Post-Russell, mathematical thought. Wittgenstein, prince of Positivists, in his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* advances the bold doctrine that a relation between objects can ultimately only be indicated "not by a symbol, but by a relation between symbols, so that the symbolic structure of the expression *shows forth* . . . it does not in the strict sense 'symbolize' the structure of the fact, but expresses the meaning by a kind of 'pictorial' relation."

If it seem a far cry from "A Vision" to the *Tractatus*, it should be remembered that Logical Positivism considers "the relation of language and fact" to be the subject-matter of philosophy, if such a word may still be used. The contractive tendency of modern thought opens new gateways in its own despite.

Personally, I think Dr. Yeats advances his Dogmatic Symbolism as a form of spiritual adventure, a mode of thought conveyed in a personal system of symbols, to be experienced rather than understood in the common sense of the word.

And so the Books march past with their glittering titles—"The Soul in Judgment," "The Great Year of the Ancients," "Dove or Swan"—a horde of heresies reaping their mummy wheat. In "Dove or Swan" the same tense note is sounded as in the opening "Packet," hinting at the Wheel's full turn. It is the moment of Dr. Yeats' perfection: he will look neither further back nor further forward; looking back—"I can but see bird and woman blotting out some corner of the Babylonian mathematical starlight"; looking forward he wonders "what discords will drive Europe to that artificial unity—only dry or drying sticks can be tied into a bundle—which is the decadence of every civilization?"

Is Doubt the key to "A Vision?" Dr. Yeats writes:

I think if I could be given a month of Antiquity and leave to spend it where I chose, I would spend it in Byzantium a little before Justinian opened St. Sophia and closed the Academy of Plato. I think I could find in some little wine shop some philosophical worker in mosaic who could answer all my questions, the supernatural descending nearer to him than to Plotinus even, for the pride of his delicate skill would make what was an instrument of power to princes and clerics, a murderous madness in the mob, show as a lovely flexible presence like that of a perfect human body.

Has not Dr. Yeats deliberately chosen a moment of Antiquity pregnant with change, the air hanging heavy with dumb antagonisms and dying modes of thought? I seem to see that worker in mosaic a shrill and violent partisan. And what of Nemesius, that Bishop of Emessa who, I note with pleasure, and

appreciation, had an early and watchful eye on the Yeatsian *Anschauung*? Does he not warn "certain Christians" that the Resurrection "could not happen more than once," thereby nipping in the bud earlier efforts to identify the Doctrine of the Resurrection with "recurrent cycles," with—Karma?

Is it an answer that Dr. Yeats is seeking? Is it not rather the anguished bed of Doubt, that "fabulous, formless, dark" where the breeding imagination begets "the uncontrollable mystery upon the bestial floor?"

"A Vision" will mean many things to many men; if it does not show us the bare bright craters of Truth, it will suggest the penumbral aspect of the moon, revealing to the listening mind the tortured stirrings of the imagination, the heavy sweep and beating of its wings through the dark night of the soul.

CECIL FRENCH SALKELD

### BACK-STAGE IN POLITICS

THE PHOENIX FLAME. A study of Fenianism and John Devoy. By Desmond Ryan. (*Arthur Barker*. 10s. 6d.). pp. 327.

He who would catch the Fenian movement in all its variety must spread his net wide and handle it skilfully. Fenianism had many ramifications; volumes could be written on its English and American aspects alone. Within its scope are figures from 1838 to 1916; Mitchel, Stephens, Davitt, Parnell; later, Casement, Brugha, Childers, Pearse, de Valera, some supporting, some seeking support, some in direct opposition.

Mr. Ryan's attempt has not been wholly successful; partly because of the nature of his task, partly because his net is not woven to suit it. Through gaps in his arrangement and rifts in his style, many of the bigger fry escape, while some of the little fishes are left talking like Fenian whales. Mitchel's attitude towards Fenianism, one feels, deserved a closer investigation. He could have been given the space occupied by the many minor and rhetorical intriguers who seemed to prove him right. The personal differences, quarrels, and political disputes which split the Fenian movement in America with disastrous results for Ireland, have been dealt with here at some length, but not in an interesting way, so that at times it seems that far greater than the futility of such wrangles is the futility of writing about them.

Yet the book is worth reading. The author can rise to a dramatic situation; his short survey of the Famine, his description of the *Catalpa* rescue and of Fenian coups in Ireland and England are well done. His book is full of adventurous figures: Colonel Richard Burke, who ran his shipments of "American cloth" from the small-arms factories of Birmingham to Ireland; Pagan O'Leary, who refused to be called by his baptismal name of Patrick "because he believed that the Irish had never been any use since St. Patrick had made them Christians and taught them to forgive their enemies," and whose work was subverting English regiments; Corydon, unsuspected informer, and many others; to say nothing of those mentioned in the first paragraph of this review.

"The Phoenix Flame" is written around John Devoy. His organisation of Fenianism in England, his efforts to heal the American split by direct action, and his rallying the Clan na Gael behind Parnell, whose rise meant the eclipse of Fenianism, deserve the highest praise. In his later years he seems to have become too much involved in the American political machine to deserve Mr. Ryan's remark, that he was "destined to out-live and out-soar all the great Fenians." Devoy, he makes clear, missed the point about Irish-Americans, "that a majority of Irish-Americans were Americans first, politicians second, and Irish a long way after." Perhaps this is not without significance for Ireland to-day.

ROGER MCHUGH

## MUSIC

LONDON MUSIC IN 1888-1889. As heard by Corno di Bassetto (later known as Bernard Shaw). (*Constable*. 7s. 6d.). pp. 402.

A volume—to quote Shaw's words—readable even by the deaf. The preface is significant. It reveals for the first time one of the most important formative influences in Shaw's early youth—the “meteoric impact” on his household of that eccentric teacher of singing, George “Vandaleur” Lee, from whom the young Bernard derived a zest for music, and sufficient stimulus to initiate himself, however capriciously, into the mysteries of the art.

His political articles rejected by “Tay Pay,” the redoubtable editor of “The Star,” Shaw turned to music, setting out purposely to vulgarise musical criticism, “then refined and academic to the point of being unreadable and often nonsensical.” Here we have the results. With light, caustic wit he ranges from Tonic Sol-fa to Pachmann's “well-known pantomimic performances, with accompaniments by Chopin.” Extravagances and absurdities there are in plenty, for even Shavian wit cannot disguise these friskings of the amateur:—

“The fugue form is as dead as the sonata form; and the sonata form is as dead as Beethoven himself.” Again, “Brahms's music is at bottom only a prodigiously elaborated compound of incoherent reminiscences, and it is quite possible for a young lady with one of those wonderful “techniques,” which are freely manufactured at Leipzig and other places, to struggle with his music for an hour at a stretch without giving such an insight to her higher powers as half-a-dozen bars of a sonata by Mozart.” For this effusion even the Shavian conscience later suffers a twinge, and a footnote written in 1936 retracts the libel “as a warning to critics who know too much.”

To Grieg and his “sweet stuff” Shaw takes violent exception. Incensed by a certain Madame Groendahl's reverence for the Norwegian master, he ejaculates that Grieg should go down on his knees and beg her to deliver him from his occasional vulgarity, and to impart to him some of her Mendelssohnic sense of form in composition! But for things of this kind, it would not be Shaw. And a propos of Grieg, here is an interesting contribution to present-day controversies in Ireland:—

“He is a ‘national’ composer; and I am not to be imposed on by that sort of thing. I do not cry out ‘How Norwegian!’ whenever I hear an augmented triad; nor ‘How Bohemian!’ when I hear a tune proceeding by intervals of augmented seconds; nor ‘How Irish!’ when Mr. Villiers Stanford plays certain tricks on subdominant harmonies; nor ‘How Scotch!’ when somebody goes to the piano and drones away on E flat and B flat with his left hand, meanwhile jiggging at random on the other black keys with his right. All good ‘folk music’ is as international as the story of Jack the Giant Killer, or the Ninth Symphony. Grieg is very fond of the augmented triad; but his music does not remind me of Norway, perhaps because I have never been there. And his sweet but very cosmopolitan modulations, and his inability to get beyond a very pretty snatch of melody, do not go very far with me; for I despise pretty music. Give me a good, solid, long-winded, classical lump of composition, with time to go to sleep and wake up two or three times in each movement, say I.”

Seriousness, however, is not lacking, and there is no doubt that Shaw, in many respects, was ahead of the music critics of his day. There is some well-balanced criticism of Bayreuth—despite his fear that it has become “a temple of dead traditions rather than an arena for live impulses”—and an admirable



appreciation of Verdi, buttressed with dynamic attacks against those misguided critics who regard his later operas as "Wagnerised." How prophetic (in 1937) sounds the jibe (of 1889) that theatre managers should get their music done by machinery. "Of course, if the suggestion were generally adopted some thousands of instrumentalists would have to go down to the docks for a living; but then that is our established way of making progress: always over somebody's body."

It is little less than a miracle that these "old chronicles of dead musicians and actors" should be as full to-day of vitality, reason and roguery as when they were freshly written. In the preface Shaw warns us not to expect the work of the "finished" critic who wrote the later volumes, *Music in London, 1890-94*. We find it difficult to agree with him.

ALOYS FLEISCHMANN

## PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICE

THE HUMAN SITUATION. By W. Macneile Dixon. (*Edward Arnold*. 18s.). pp. 438.

Professor Macneile Dixon's Gifford Lectures form a comprehensive, if rather discursive, summary of his innumerable prejudices, predilections and biases. He examines and dismisses with contempt all the solutions of the problem of man's place in the universe that have been put forward by Philosophers, Theologians and Men of Science, only, in the end, to accept, with modifications, the position of Leibnitz—not a very novel or very illuminating conclusion. As might be expected from a Professor of English, the lectures are interlarded with quotations from the poets; they are, alas! also written in a pretentious and allusive style, well-fitted to convince the reader of the Professor's omnivorous, if rather superficial, reading, and of his talent for hiding his meaning in a maze of words. There is no index naturally, since an adequate index would fill a volume. The effect is somewhat Saintsburian. The outstanding prejudice of the Professor is Physical Science, which, to him, is a red rag to a bull. I fear, however, that his knowledge of the Einsteinian and of the Quantum theories is very superficial; his dismissal of them, although wordy is too contemptuous. Most of the diatribe against Physical Science is beside the point. No sensible physicist really maintains that there is nothing in the Universe beyond what is amenable to his methods, or that he has disproved the existence of God or of the Soul or of eternal life. Physicists confine themselves to those phenomena which are within the province of their research. Beyond that province, whatever they may believe as men, they do not attempt, as physicists, to penetrate. To all questions outside the circumscribed, but widening, arena of their science, they answer: "I do not know."

No sane person thinks that the human reason is able to fathom the relations of spirit and matter (whatever either may be) or of God and Man. Professor Macneile Dixon's diatribe is futile unless it is aimed only at those fools who find an antinomy between Religion and Science. The Truth has many facets; there are a million ways of approach to God. It is, of course, interesting, psychologically, to have so clear an account of the approach proper to a Professor of English Literature. But it does not help us on the road. There are, of course, charlatans among men of science, just as there are charlatans in all other provinces of human endeavour, and the charlatans are the greatest experts at self-advertisement. It is needless—and a waste of the Professor's time—to tilt at rogues and fools, or to blame Science for its trumpeters, any more than we should blame Religion for its bigots or hypocrites. When this

is said, there is a great deal of interest in the *Human Situation*; as a repertory of bitter epigrams, it is, I fancy, unique. I should like, if space allowed, to quote a few hundred of them, such as "idealism, that wolf in sheep's clothing of the philosophic schools" or "the theologians of all ages and races have formed an image of God after their own fancies, and nothing could be more improbable than that He resembles in the least particular their conceptions of Him." I should like to devote a long paragraph of the Professor's dealings with revealed religion, for which he appears to have a dislike, based on equally inadequate acquaintance, only second to his dislike for Physical Science. But he accepts Immortality, although he considers "palingenesis or rebirth, which carries with it the idea of pre-existence" as the most probable, or most conceivable, form of a future life.

The most interesting part of the book is, no doubt, the destructive. The constructive appears to me, as it does, perhaps, to the writer, weak and inconclusive. It must indeed be so, bounded as we are by Time and Space, and knowing nothing, and perhaps incapable of knowing anything, of any existence other than this relative existence, which we call objective, but which is not, in any profound sense, objective. We know nothing of that other, more real universe, not bounded by Space and Time (which are modes of our reasoning mind not of our soul), in which our spirit has its being—a universe in which all things are clear, could we but understand them, a universe in which Death, maybe, has no meaning. We do not know what Life is, nor what Death is: they transcend the methods of Physical Science. And that position is the only possible ending to any examination of the multitude of solutions put forward by the mind of man. Let us believe, if we can, that the Universe has a purpose, and that God exists and that our souls are in intimate relation to Him!

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

### PEACE IN OUR TIME

AN INTRODUCTION TO PACIFISM. By Philip S. Mumford. (Cassell. 2s.). pp. 112

This book is the most concise statement of the pacifist position that has yet appeared. Captain Mumford writes as a member of Canon Sheppard's Peace Pledge Union, and from that standpoint examines both the Marxist and Imperialist criticism of the Pacifist. In the first few chapters Captain Mumford has little difficulty in disposing of the common idea that war is natural and inevitable, while pacifism is sentimental and illogical. The principal anti-pacifist arguments are then very fairly summarised and ably answered. The case made for the ultimate abolition of all violence between men is unassailable. But that the present refusal of the pacifist to co-operate even in defensive measures is a step towards that ideal is questionable. Captain Mumford is more optimistic about the early conversion of the nation to non-violent tactics than the present state of the world would appear to warrant. In no country are the pacifists numerically strong enough to influence policy, and in many countries they may not organise nor propagate their beliefs. To reach and convert any considerable number of people will take many years, while the collapse of civilisation in another world war seems daily more imminent. In these circumstances, Mr. Jonathan Griffin's "Middle Way," *i.e.*, non-aggression coupled with genuine defensive measures, military and economic, offers at least the possibility of providing the pacifists with the necessary time to spread their doctrines. Captain Mumford, however, considers that the Middle Way is worse than the Imperialist's "defensive re-armament" and that all hope of effective collective security must also be abandoned.

He offers seven "practical points for immediate objectives," among which are : the convening of a new World Peace Conference of independent thinkers of all countries, the abolition of the manufacture of armaments for private profit, the abolition of political and economic nationalism, the removal of aviation from national control, and the control and education by unarmed methods of areas at present barbarous and chaotic. With the increase of tension throughout the world and the horrible fact of actual war in Abyssinia, Spain and China before him, it is doubtful if the average citizen would consider these points sufficiently practical to justify him in supporting pacifism, rather than some system which offered more prospect of immediate realisation.

N. M. G.

"MY FATHER'S HOUSE." By Pierrepont Noyes. (*John Murray*. 15s.). pp. 312.

During the nineteenth century no fewer than sixty-two experiments in Communism were made in the U.S.A. Of these none was more thoroughgoing, perhaps, than Oneida Community, N.Y., founded in 1848 by John Humphrey Noyes, a religious zealot, leader of the "Perfectionists." Spiritual perfection such as Christ ordained was only to be achieved, he taught, by leading a life modelled on that of the Primitive Church. Accordingly he and his followers, to the number of three hundred, lived together as one big family in one great house for over thirty years, providing most of their own wants and sharing all things in common (except their everyday, as distinct from "best," clothing). Selflessness being the aim of the community, any human relationship which excluded others was forbidden. In place of monogamy, Noyes devised a system of "complex marriage," which encouraged the widest selection of mates, strictly regulated and governed, however, by spiritual and eugenic (Noyes's word was "stirpicultural") considerations. This was replaced in 1879 by regular marriage, a change which, according to our author, made the dissolution of the Community inevitable : "family selfishness grew apace until it destroyed the spirit of self-abnegation so essential for communal living." In 1880 Oneida resolved itself into a joint-stock company, and Communism was at an end.

Mr. Pierrepont Noyes was born into the community in 1870, the son of its founder. The present volume is a straightforward, dispassionate record of Oneida life as he lived and saw it as a child, reconstructed in a spirit of psychological inquiry. A special virtue of the book is its impartiality. Mr. Noyes refrains from passing judgment, and we are left to ponder for ourselves the organisation of the community, the causes that led to its break-up and the ease with which its members turned to a life of private ownership. The author's main interest is rather to trace the formative influences of Oneida upon his own character.

FITZROY PYLE

## POETRY AND DRAMA

THE PASSING DAY AND THE JAILBIRD. By George Shiels. (*Macmillan*. 266 pp. 7s. 6d.).

These two plays are rather alike in outlook. There is a grimness in handling human weaknesses which, as might be expected, is more apparent in the text than in the Abbey productions. Shiels is never very witty, and only occasionally does he reach even his own standard here, but he is a shrewd observer, and these plays are the first of his to reveal more than mere recording of superficiality. They are as deep as the characters in them, which is not saying much. His characters are generally sketched and leave much to his players. What he has got is a sense of the ridiculous coupled with a sense of the stage, and these go far to explain his popularity.



*The Passing Day* is so revolutionary an experiment, for him, that nobody believed it when it first appeared, and it is a bit too mordant to suit sentimentalists. It disclosed incidentally a streak of bitterness at life's waste and apparent futility in its author that makes one sympathise with his attempts to escape in comedies of situation. His latest, *Quin's Secret*, reveals a new sense of humanity, a dwelling on latent goodness, even at the expense of situation, that I remember awoke my interest at the time of first production. These plays reveal the transition. They will probably not be as popular as they should be.

PLAYS FOR EARTH AND AIR. By Lord Dunsany. (*Heinemann*. 163+viii. 6s.).

This is an interesting collection of four "Earth" plays intended to be staged, and six radio plays for "Air," the usual Dunsany affection for elemental "paganism" cropping up even in the title. All of the plays are very neat, very deftly and concisely built up, not a wasted line anywhere—most of them are so slight in theme as to be merely "precious" due to the extreme simplification of character and plot to suit the "message," for all these plays are satirical in whole or part, this being their main value. The radio plays, in which this author is by now a specialist, are by far the best and of them I preferred *Bureau de Change*, whose customers swop afflictions—this is a beautifully handled fantasy; *Atmospherics*, in which a railway passenger pretends lunacy to escape from a real lunatic travelling with him; and *The Use of Man*, wherein a foxhunter is arraigned before a tribunal of animals to prove what use man is—same theme as *Lord Adrian* but far better, because more directly put—no flapdoodle nor hokum here but genuine fantasy. The other plays are rather thin, but still good acting material. There is more than a touch of dilletantism in this book, an odd spot of snobbery, but, above all, genuine insight and sensitiveness; that the total impression is of a benevolent despot surveying the slums, above which his Ivory Tower rises, is only natural—the change from Meath grasslands is only one of degree. At least, this aristocrat sees where we are going—whereas most of his purblind caste merely know—or think so.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

### CHINESE POETRY

THE BOOK OF SONGS. Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley. (*Allen and Unwin*. 10s. 6d.). pp. 326.

The increasing attention paid by scholars and artists alike to the literature of Asia, is of peculiar significance in view of the present Asiatic situation, the future repercussions of which may hardly be estimated precisely. The *Noh plays of Japan* have been used by Yeats as a basis for his *Four Plays for Dancers*; while the Gate Theatre have actually staged a few remarkable and characteristic examples of primitive Chinese dramas. To all those interested in these expression of what one may term the oriental mind, Mr. Waley's volume must of necessity appeal; while to students of folk tradition, at home and abroad, the contents may serve as a contribution towards a basis of unification. This last point has in particular impressed the present reviewer: the chief impression produced by the specimens of Chinese poetry contained in this book consisting in a strange recollection of the translations from Gaelic to be found in *The Love Songs of Connaught*, or in *The Bards of the Gael and Gall*. The accidental circumstances, the fauna, flora, and paraphernalia differ largely; the underlying emotion, being universal, is identical, and gives the lie, to some extent, to the jingo tag that East and West are irreconcilable contradictions. From the standpoint of erudition—and this book is chiefly a

work of pure scholarship—I greatly regret that I am not in a qualified position to add anything more of value.

The aesthetic quality of the Songs, if one can form an adequate opinion thereof from translations, appears to be of a high order. A large proportion of the work included belongs in a sense to the category of Nature poetry; and the finest tribute that can be paid to these translations consists in the fact that they actually exhale an individual aroma, peculiar enough to justify the belief that it pertains in a greater measure to the Chinese originals; that, however, is a matter also for the scholar; and, as an amateur, I am afraid of scholars. I am not likely to forget the chill which fell upon my spirit, when, in an incautious moment, I praised Sir Gilbert Murray's translation of *The Trojan Women*, in the presence of a Greek Scholar. "The thing has points," was the dry remark, "but it is not Euripides."

an pílúibín

## FICTION

### PEACE IS GROWTH

THE FARM BY LOUGH GUR. By Mary Carbery. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.).

Machiavelli's axiom that a wise statesman must never go to war if he can attain his ends by peaceful methods applies not only in politics but in literature. The literature of anathema is usually less agreeable to read than the literature produced by temperate minds, and it is always more ephemeral in its effect. It arises from anger which, no matter how righteous it claims to be, is the lowest form of self-indulgence. And though it may be true that human nature is instinctively selfish, it would seem that the great mass of human beings dislike angry writing. They may read it for as long as it remains topical, but cherish it they will not. The literature that remains is the courageous literature that rises above the undeniable wretchednesses of life as it is ordered. Always it is the Virgils who are cherished, not the Juvenals.

There has been an immense amount of angry Irish writing in the hundred years since we learned to write out of our own language. Swift had begun it, and our position as an underdog people made it inevitable that the tradition should be continued. Tom Moore might withdraw to where he could write peacefully and in peace, but much of our writing at home had to be partisan writing, and it is all but impossible for partisan writing not to degenerate into angry writing. Now, however, writers living in Ireland seem to be realising that, like militarists in action, angry writers merely augment the troubles they imagine themselves to be putting right. I cannot pretend to an exhaustive knowledge of contemporary Irish literature, and yet in the past eighteen months I have come across several quite realistic Irish books which were remarkable for the temperateness with which they were written. There was Mr. O'Malley's *On Another Man's Wound*, there was Miss Geraldine Cummins' novel, *Fires of Beltaine*. And now Lady Carbery has joined forces with her friend, Mrs. Mary Fogarty of County Limerick, in this memoir of home life in the rural Ireland of seventy years ago, a book in which, though facts are faced—it includes tales of the Famine and of Fenianism, of bigamy, of seduction and of imbecility—there are no harsh words.

Mrs. Fogarty was brought up in an atmosphere of unsentimental loving-kindness. This was not only because her parents were comfortably off. It was also because they had character. Her father, John O'Brien, and her uncle, Father Richard MacNamara, were nationalist, but cherished the decencies and steered clear of the squalid intrigues of party politics. Her mother, a

woman of natural distinction, loved the only good literature that came her way, "classical" English literature. A sister, Bessie, listened to stories outside, read Byron surreptitiously at home, and developed into a lovably fiery Irish "patriot," first as a young girl at home and later in France, where she went to school, in Poland, where she went governessing, and in Serbia, where she married. Mrs. Fogarty, herself, went to school to the "F.C.Js." in Bruff; but though she occasionally considered the idea of becoming a nun, she rejected it, went home to Lough Gur and then returned to Bruff as the wife of Richard Fogarty. There were two younger sisters and a brother, a medical student cousin, other relatives and, not less important, a host of farm hands, maids, retainers, neighbours, "ascendency" and "people," and tramps.

All these give scope for the authors' quite remarkable gifts as literary portrait painters. The book is like a symphony in terms of portraiture, for the characters are vividly depicted, not only as individuals, but as influencing each others' lives, like so many themes and orchestrations. And it is impossible to say whether the themes or the orchestrations are more admirable, the unassertive integrity of John O'Brien and of Father MacNamara, the unassuming dignity of Mrs. O'Brien, the youthful eagerness of Bessie O'Brien, or the pathetic comedy of the "innocent" Dinny-bawn, the simple heroism of Mary Deasy on her wretched deathbed (hoping she would live the couple of hours necessary to finish making her own shroud), the pitiful irony of the return from America of a doting mother's disappointing son, the airiness of maids repeating and acting upon pishogues in kitchen and dairy . . . Mrs. Fogarty, herself, standing apart from them all and observing them all with her unerring instinct for the humanly significant, has, under Lady Carbery's well-nigh perfect editing, put them and herself on the literary map of Ireland as clearly as Pushkin put the characters in his stories on the literary map of old Russia.

The valley of the Lower Shannon was one of the least spoiled parts of Ireland. Now it has electricity works and aerodromes and it must, in the nature of things, become industrialised and hideous. It is very well that a Mrs. Fogarty and a Lady Carbery should have arisen to record its old lovable ways of life while there was yet time.

THOMAS MCGREEVY

### THE SHORT STORY

THE FABER BOOK OF MODERN STORIES. Selected, with an introduction by Elizabeth Bowen. (*Faber and Faber*. 8s. 6d.).

Miss Elizabeth Bowen, who edits, prefaces, and appears herself as author with that brilliant Tchegovian study in "necessariness" *The Disinherited* in this latest anthology typifying trends and developments of the short story as handled by some of the leading writers of to-day or of not quite yesterday, tells us in her introduction that the Irish stories included are included because the tie between the two countries, however irksome, has made some kind of affinity, however artificial. The other country is, of course, England, as usual. This interesting remark caused me to wonder, firstly, whether an artistic literary tie (for I take it Miss Bowen means no more or less) between peoples can ever be said to be artificial, in the sense that artificiality chokes slowly the neck it binds, and if so, and in this case, which neck? and, secondly, whether she was apologising for the tie, as an Englishwoman, for fuming about it, as an Irishwoman? But whichever the case, to my mind by her selection she has given James Joyce, Frank O'Connor, Seán O'Faolain, and Liam O'Flaherty an excellent opportunity to run away with the book, which they do in grand style. And I say that despite I had read *The Wounded Cormorant* three times



already in three different magazines or papers (or it may have been the same magazine or paper), as also Mr. O'Faolain's convincing and dramatic study, "The Bombshop," first published to my knowledge in the banned *Midsummer Night's Madness*. "The Bombshop" grows on one with re-reading, but again I thought how strangely the "unseen observer" creeps into it when, suddenly amid the activities of the "they": Leo, Caesar, Seán, and Norah: suddenly there intrudes "Secretly WE were all listening." It is a small matter, but if there is "we" surely there must be "I" somewhere? On the other hand I hadn't read Mr. O'Connor's *Peasants* until this anthology came my way, and regret the lapse. In my opinion, *Peasants* is the finest piece of work in a book of fine work. Its rounded, compelling quality and clear statement force one to draw one's own conclusions and drawing conclusions is not always as pleasant a little game as some imagine. And what of Araby out of Dubliners by James Joyce! Well, of course, we read it many years ago, before *Anna Livia Plurabelle* latined us and learned us and set us on the road we were not to wander, but, oh, its loveliness depresses still . . . .

However, to return to Miss Bowen's tie of entanglement and of, I think, disenchantment. One fact clearly emerges, which is that to Celtic "schools" and poets generally the drama of man's life, wherein he is, or seems, overlooked and always dwarfed, is heroic still to-day—or else (and here make what you will of The Orchards, of Dylan Thomas, of Wales, of the word too much with us late and soon) is dream-delirium and fantasy, pure fantasy—whereas elsewhere (though in America a sort of "impure" fantasy seems to be fashionable) the drama is, very broadly, either pathological or sociological, or both. For a good example of pathological writing see X, Miss Malachi' Whitaker's horrible and pitiful (and also pitiless) piece which rather terribly concludes this anthology:

"I am little and dark, and very, very thin. You would not notice me but that I have some good teeth. They are large, like white acorns, and I cannot quite close my mouth because of them. Yet they turn inwards rather than out."

No vampire stuff this, deliciously to terrify the groundlings, but a dreadful atmosphere of madhouse and charnelhouse within the confines of girl bedroom, and almost unbearable. Yet X has literary beauty and merit of the highest standard. So what? From an anthology of stories so excellent one receives a series of shocks on multitudinous nerve centres in lightning succession, varying, I suppose, according to the tensivity of the writing and the issues the story raises; consequently, he is the wise reviewer who will stand outside the book discussing this or that aspect, binding, implications of the short story, masters of the genre, while leaving the meat within well-nigh unmentioned. No names, no pack drill. But when the collection happens to be a *tour de force* of the first water, and even, to an extent perhaps not altogether intended by the editor, of the Shannon water (though not, praises be, of the Boyne water), one feels it incumbent to mention names, and, therefore, or else sleep uneasily, every name in the book. Besides those I have mentioned, there are James Hanley's fine sociological tragedy, *The Last Voyage*; William Plomer's *Ula Masondo*, and, etc., etc. I am no carper, I recommend the lot, lock, stock and barrel. Particularly do I recommend *Badgery* in *The Tillotson Banquet*, by Aldous Huxley. "No *Badgery* had ever fought in any war, no *Badgery* had ever engaged in any kind of politics." And why would a *Badgery* fight in any war? And why would a *Badgery* engage in any kind of politics? A *Badgery* has no need, a *Badgery* is none of your cads. A *Badgery* amasses lands, wealth from Zulus, Gaels, Arabs, and Indians, and becomes a patron of art and all

things cultural. And a Badgery, being forever and forever right, is forever an forever peeved when cads grumble . . . ! Ah, well, maybe not. Maybe not forever.

C. E. MILNE

### THE JOYCE COUNTRY

COMING FROM THE FAIR. (Being Book Two of *Holy Ireland*.) By Norah Hoult. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

THE DEAD MARCH PAST. By Gerald Griffin. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.).

The influence of Joyce on subsequent prose-stylists is freely acknowledged, and was anticipated by most intelligent students of fiction. But few would have predicted that the Joycean approach would become almost a social convention. Yet that is what would seem to have happened. Dublin itself is an inferior plagiarism from *Ulysses*; at least, there is no other reason why such a competent realist as Norah Hoult should find it necessary to re-write a number of incidents from Joyce's masterpiece.

*Coming from the Fair* continues the story of the O'Neill family, and particularly of Charlie, who inherited his father's business and his money, but none of his character. The story extends from 1903 to 1933, and it is mainly in the opening chapters that the Joycean parallel embarrasses the ingenuous reader. The characters, the locale, sometimes even the dialogue are reminiscent. There is a funeral scene in Glasnevin, a baritone and a piano in the Ormond, there is Buck Mulligan, Endymion, Simon Daedelus (under his real name). Only when she emerges from the penumbra of *Ulysses* does Miss Hoult display those qualities which have gained her respect as a writer—faultless imaginative observation, accurate rendering of dialogue, insight and subtlety in the portrayal of her characters, particularly her women. Perhaps the best things in this novel are the scenes between Margaret and her English husband and the visit of Julia O'Neill and her grandchildren to the Zoo.

*Coming from the Fair*, by its virtues and its faults, strengthens the belief that Norah Hoult's best medium is the Short Story.

Mr. Griffin has also read Joyce, and a number of his characters can trace their literary ancestry to the Bloomsday Book. The main characters are all actual figures who have lived in Ireland during the past twenty-five years (a possible exception is the tinker, Darby Donnellan, who seems to be a composite character). They are woven into the texture of what Mr. Griffin calls a "semi-autobiographical saga"—the book is, in short, a novel in autobiographical form with actual personages instead of characters.

The author must be given credit for realising that this medium—first exploited by George Moore—is perhaps the only one in which it is possible to deal satisfactorily with the modern Irish scene. Not that Mr. Griffin is universally satisfactory. His treatment of certain national issues must leave him open to the charge of catering deliberately for the English market. There are a number of minor slips—Johnny Barton, the detective, is killed twice; it is implied that the Black-and-Tan war lasted till 1926; and highbrow "regulars" of the Turf will be surprised to learn that Boss Croker's Orby won the Grand National.

Nevertheless, the book has merits which Irish critics have seemingly ignored. Darby Donnellan is a superb creation; the incident of the tinkers' "Soviet" is plausible and rich in humour; and there is a memorable glimpse of Collins in the *Freeman* office. The dialogue, in places, reaches magnificent heights.

NIALL SHERIDAN



## A SHEAF—IRISH GROWN

DAPHNE'S FISHING. By George A. Birmingham. (*Methuen*. 7s. 6d.).

THE IRISH R.M. AND HIS EXPERIENCES. By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. (*Faber and Faber*. 5s. 0d.).

LÁLEEN AND OTHER STORIES. By Myrtle Johnson. (*John Murray*. 7s. 6d.).

London, a holiday in Ireland no sooner proposed than taken, and the old formulae of comedy and life in the country inimitably concocted by George Birmingham's almost too facile pen, afford us in *Daphne's Fishing* an up-to-date yarn with plenty of "go" in it and an authentic atmosphere.

This marvellous reprint of all the Irish R.M. experiences in one book of over six hundred pages is certainly worth putting on one's shelf when five shillings will put it there. It carries the imprint of its date, the authors see the Irish as they never would like to see themselves—peasants who lie, fight, drink and cheat all the time, landlords not much different, and a middle-class which is purely stage-Irish and purely imaginary—yet withal, the book makes very amusing re-reading. On the basis that all that has gone before us in life or history has contributed to our evolution, whether by forming a false or real environment or by passing on desirable or evil traits, the book is a record of a past that has, nevertheless, a present significance. Perhaps, it should go on the Englishman's fiction or humour shelf, and on the Irishman's sociological shelf.

About Láleen, there must be less to say but more encouragement given to read it. Miss Johnson achieved a very real measure of success in her "Hanging Johnny." This book is a worthy successor. Her short stories have virility and a sustained interest all through them. She shows acute insight and always her characterisation is excellent. There is one small criticism that might be made. The better fare is concentrated in the first half of the book. This is, surely, a mistake, as one's last impressions are often the most abiding.

M. C. B.

## MISCELLANEOUS

## CATHOLIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THREE WAYS HOME. By Sheila Kaye Smith. (*Cassel*. 7s. 6d.). pp. 218.

Although this book was primarily written as a religious autobiography, the author, in relating the story of her progress towards the Catholic Church, has aimed at giving the history of a psychological development that had no fundamental element of change; throughout the book she reveals that she had always been latently and potentially Catholic.

Side by side with the religious theme are interwoven the two great interests of her life, the countryside and her writing. The countryside of East Sussex around her native home, at an early age captured her imagination and made her its special novelist; it was indirectly through one of her novels that she returned to the practice of religion.

The book reveals her life as being an amazingly coherent following out of her early ambitions. In it we see that the ideas which ultimately occupied her are an enlargement of those with which she started life.

In describing her early days at Hastings and the progressions and retrogressions of her literary career she touches on the magnetism that religion always had for her, her lack of peace when she wilfully turned her back on it. She tried, but found no lasting satisfaction in, Presbyterianism or in Anglicanism, the two forms of religion that were successively the path of her return.

Finally it is marriage with an Anglican parson and, through his work, contact with the official side of Anglicanism and its atmosphere of controversy and



uncertainty that hastens her return to the Church. During a trip to Palermo with her husband they see, in the Cathedral there, a spiritual crystallisation of the life outside ; for the first time they look upon a living, working, democratic faith.

The unity of the Catholic Church appeals to her, the holiness of its saints impresses her. The life of Sainte Thérèse links itself to the vigorous life of Palermo Cathedral. She realises that nowhere else but in Rome can such holiness be found. She is disturbed to realise that she is cut off from the Communion of Saints not by personal conviction but through belonging to a Church that had deliberately cut itself off four hundred years ago. In the Catholic Church she finds the spiritual ideal of what a church should be.

Her conversion to Catholicism has been merely a change of outlook and allegiance. "There has been no swing round from a contradictory set of ideas. I joined the Church of Rome only because I found that it was impossible to be a Catholic in the church of my baptism. I tried to be a Catholic in the Church of England because neither my heart nor my mind could find ease in anything but Catholicism into which I found my way slowly groping from truth to truth."

The book is written with unusual simplicity and candour. She reviews her past work objectively, relates the circumstances in which each of her books was written, whence each derived its particular atmosphere. In her autobiography she employs that same fine artistry, that same lucidity that gave worth to her novels.

CATRIONA MACLEOD

### SPAIN

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN. By Elliot Paul. (*Peter Davies*. 8s. 6d.). pp. 398.

STORM OVER SPAIN. By Mairin Mitchell. (*Secker and Warburg*. 6s.) pp. 272.

It is Miss Mitchell's misfortune that her arraignment before the reviewer should be in the company of *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town*, a book that magnificently justifies its recommendation by the Book Society and, indeed, merits comparison with *San Michele* for the way in which the atmosphere completely enshrouds its reader and holds him willing captive. The town is on the Balearic Islands, and the period of its "life"—given as 4000 B.C. to A.D. 1936—is written with intimate discernment and infinite sympathy and charm. There is something excruciating about life in that town—its very happiness steeped in the promise of future pangs. A few short months in 1936 brings death—death without resurrection. For all the poignant beauty of its pages, we wonder would we have suffered such a sense of deep-down personal loss had not *Santá Eulalia* been made to pulse around us with such urgent life before the horrors let loose by the Spanish revolt.

*Storm Over Spain* is a timely, brightly-written narrative of Spain "before and after." Its facts are made easy of assimilation, and for Irishmen the frequent analogies drawn between happenings in Spain and corresponding situations in Ireland prove very helpful, as well as making every page vital. Although the writer's leanings are undisguisedly what is now called "leftish," the extraordinary fairness of her analysis is borne out by her remarks on the religious issue (*vide*, for example, pp. 60–63). The book has been provided with a useful bibliography and a very careful and exhaustive index, of no less than sixteen pages.

Both are books that every library should immediately stock : for those with a more than ordinary interest in Spain, they are definitely books to buy.

L. J. R.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE. Wm. Power's Autobiography. (*Harrap*. 8s. 6d.).  
 THIRTY MILLION GAS MASKS. By Sarah Campion. (*Peter Davies*. 7s. 6d.).  
 MEN MUST LIVE. By Rearden Conner. (*Cassell*. 7s. 6d.).  
 THE SQUARE PEG, OR THE GUNFELLA PEG. By John Masefield. (*Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.).  
 YOUNG CATHERINE. By E. M. Almedingen. (*Constable*. 8s. 6d.).  
 THE LIVING TORCH. Æ. Edited by Monk Gibbon. (*Macmillan*. 12s. 6d.).  
 A MEMOIR OF Æ. By John Eglinton. (*Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.).  
 THE JEWS. By Hillaire Belloc. (*Constable*. 7s. 6d.).  
 WITH THE CORNERS OFF. By Commander A. B. Campbell. (*Harrap*. 8s. 6d.).  
 FORTUNE MUST FOLLOW. By D. C. Waring. (*John Long*. 7s. 6d.).  
 THE SPIRIT AND STRUCTURE OF GERMAN FASCISM. By Robt. A. Brady. (*Gollancz*. 12s. 6d.).  
 FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN. Collected Stories of Jas. T. Farrell. (*Constable*. 8s. 6d.).  
 SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. A Commentary. By M. R. Ridley. (*Dent*. 8s. 6d.).  
 CYRANO DE BERGERAC. By Humbert Wolfe. (*Hutchinson*. 6s.).

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## THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT. (16 SEPT.—15 OCT.)

At Fianna Fail Ard-Fheis, Mr. de Valera said unification of country was next objective; Resolutions protesting against the agricultural minimum wage, and calling for a state bank and tax on foreign investments and on capital leaving country, were defeated; Republican aim of Party was re-affirmed; Mrs. Tom Clarke criticised Government for its loss of Republican ideals. Death by fire in bothy in Kirkintilloch, Ayrshire, of ten young potato-pickers from Achill; bodies brought home for burial; large sums raised by many relief funds; Government set up committee of enquiry into migration; meeting of Achill islanders start Anti-Migration movement. In response to letter from Bishops of Spain, Bishops of Ireland stated that vast majority of Irish have never wavered from sympathy for Catholic Spain. New church at Greeveguilla, Rathmore, built at his own expense by P.P. Language movement in North had support of Church, said Bishops Mageean and O'Kane to Derry Gaelic meeting. Belfast Catholic Church damaged by mine explosion. In radio debate, Earnan de Blaghd said Gúm should publish 300 instead of 40 books a year. Method of selecting second chamber will be decided by Dail All-Party Committee.

Dublin building dispute settled. Dun Laoghaire to build £100,000 baths. Government ordered mandamus action, and selection of Appointments Commission for city management accepted by Dublin Corporation. Saorstát revenue for 1936-37 included £5,458,000 liquor, £4,400,000 tobacco, £1,216,000 petrol, and £1,347,000 motor car duties. James Hickey elected first Labour Lord Mayor of Cork. John Humphreys, lecturing at Jordans, Bucks., said Irish P.R. system was having considerable influence on world electoral methods. Fifty applicants, including graduates, for Bantry position at 30s. a week. Prosecution under Merchandise Marks Act in Belfast for selling Saorstát butter as "Irish." Prof. R. M. Butler stated there were more women architectural students in National University than in any English institution. Engineer told Council that many County Dublin wells had been divined. At Monaghan Judge Sheehy said trial by jury was "becoming a fraud." Slipper factory opened in Naas and office requisite factory in Athy. Westport-Achill railway closed down. Smithwick's Kilkenny ale awarded first in 7,000 world entries at London brewery exhibition. Eamonn Short, lecturing to Dublin Rotary, said most Irish businesses had no costing systems. Migrants in Gibbstown Gaeltacht held meeting requesting factory for district.

Commemoration Association march to Glasnevin on 46th anniversary of death of Parnell. Thomas Hannon Memorial Gaelic Hall, Longford, opened by Bishop McNamee. Liam Gogan delegate to first Medallic Art Congress in Paris. Prof. Ludwig Muelhausen (successor to Prof. Pokorny) on visit studying Irish folklore. Among lectures were those by Tom Johnson on "The Workers' Republic" in Dublin Labour series; Joseph Metcalfe to Bray Labour Party on New Zealand's Labour Government; Prof. R. Macalister to Antiquaries Society on his deciphering of the Kilfountain ogham stone; Eoin Mac Neill on radio, condemning vulgarity in changing original place-names; Dr. Gogarty at Meath Hospital, condemning extravagant advertisements of medicine; Mgr. Flynn, South Africa, at Father Mathew Anniversary Meeting, and Archbishop Finbar Ryan on Fatima, Portugal. Among art exhibitions were those by the Dublin Sketching Club; Ernest Hayes in the Waddington Galleries; and Dorothy Blackham and Mabel Alleyne in the Stephen's Green Gallery. Large attendances at exhibition by Old Dublin Society in Charlemont House. Radio Athlone Symphony Concert conducted by Sir Frank Bridges. Broadcast recital by Culwick Choral Society. Opera and ballet movement inaugurated at R.I.A.M. Vienna Mozart Boys' Choir gave recital in Dublin. Abbey Players left for American tour. "Deirdre an Bhroin," by Synge, translated by Liam O Broin, at Peacock. Announced that Abbey will produce plays in Irish. First production in radio presentation of "Stag at Bay," by T. C. Murray. First production of "Man with the Cloak" (Clarence Mangan), by Louis d'Alton at Abbey. "Michilín" Dirrane, of "Man of Aran" film, joining Passionist Order. Elizabeth Bowen, Joseph O'Neill and Rutherford Mayne elected members of Academy of Letters. Dorothy Macardle's "Irish Republic" supplementary choice of Left Book Club. "Hero's Breed," by Pat Mullen, Aran, selected by American Catholic Book Club. Dr. Denis Coffey appointed to Censorship of Publications Board.

At League Assembly Mr. de Valera condemned partition of Palestine; supporting non-intervention in Spain, he protested against threats of intervention. Spanish Nationalist ship sailed hurriedly from Cobh, leaving 15 of crew behind. Fifty sailors of Spanish steamers held up in Derry left for Barcelona. R. M. Hunter, at Protestant Protection Meeting in Belfast, said mine that exploded at Royal Visit, was brought from London and that news was on machines the previous night.

Died: Sir John Moore, 92, well-known Dublin physician and meteorologist; Joseph X. Murphy, banker and ex-T.D.; T. R. Harrington, former editor of "Irish Independent"; J. L. Theodore-Getze, language teacher; Rev. Laurence Kinsella, P.P., St. Michan's, Dublin; Rev. John Marren, 29, Curry, and Rev. Anthony O'Dwyer, 27, Teenagh, missionaries in Nigeria.